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# MAN-WOMAN;

OR,

THE TEMPLE, THE HEARTH,  
THE STREET.

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FROM "L'HOMME-FEMME"

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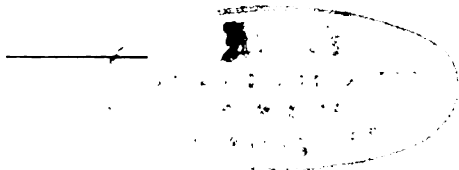
OF

ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS.

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.



PHILADELPHIA,

NEW YORK,

AND BOSTON:

1873.

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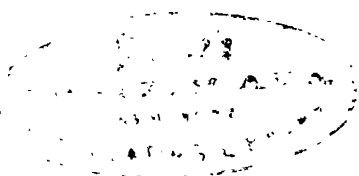
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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS ( *fils* ) has just given to the French public and the world a very remarkable *brochure*,—a book-pamphlet,—entitled L'HOMME-FEMME ; which I now offer to the American and English public, in translation, under the title of MAN-WOMAN. By this duplex word the author expresses that perfection of coupled humanity which is the result of a true union, soul and body, of two beings properly constituted for such a union, and in accord physically and mentally, in desire, in aim, in purpose, in act, in conscience,—as man and wife.

The occasion of the author's publishing this very remarkable work,—which has been for the last few months the subject of lively conversation and discussion in literary and general circles in Paris,—and of a great variety of criticism, some condemnatory, some highly laudatory, both by the French and English press,—arose out of the *affaire-DUBOURG*: the recent murder by one DUBOURG of his wife taken in adultery, and his trial for the crime. The public cannot have forgotten the "*affaire-DUBOURG*." It was what lawyers call "a leading case" as regards certain sad topics. Everything made it complete as a picture of what marriage should not be ; there was the hasty wooing, the rash betrothal, the miserable wedding *de convenance*, the swiftly-following discontent and disagreement, the infidelity of the husband, the consequent infidelity of the wife, the trap, the discovery, and that dreadful furious slaughter of the woman in her paramour's apartment, while he himself hurriedly escaped, the most wretched

figure of all the terrible tragedy. Paris had a subject here which comprised nearly every conceivable point for disquisition upon the *question brûlante* of marriage, and a lively debate arose in her journals as to the right of an injured husband to kill a guilty wife. An article in the *Soir* denied the right, declaring that such a deed must be called murder. It is this article, from the pen of Mons. Henri d'Ideville, which called forth this pamphlet of Dumas (*fls*) in reply: and in it he discourses, often with great originality, subtlety, and fineness of expression, sometimes not without extravagance, but always with great acuteness and epigrammatic point, on man and woman in their relations to each other; on love, pure and impure; intrigue, gallantry, marriage; origin of species, the fall of our first parents, the divergence of the race of Cain and its consequences: libertinism, infanticide, adultery, divorce, wife-murder; a wide and highly suggestive range of subjects.

In the course of his essay, the author has not feared to treat of things which mock-modesty and overstrained notions of propriety have tabooed from discussion: a decree which has condemned men and women to the perpetuation of false notions and ignorant prejudices on matters in which it concerned them most to be well informed. In laying the conventional veil aside that usually is made to cover up these *arcana*, the author has sometimes had to speak very plainly, but never in a manner to excite or gratify prurient imaginations.

If young women were wisely instructed in the real nature of love, and the sacrifices, the burdens, and duties which marriage imposes, there would not, perhaps, be so many *blind* marriages made by young girls ignorant of what they were pledging themselves to in accepting a suitor; marriages productive of misery, crime and dishonor, divorce or murder!

There is really no good reason why our birth should be made a subject of greater mystery and shamefacedness than our death. Our entry into and our exit from this world have nothing of shameful in them, unless guilt or dishonor have preceded or accompanied them.

So, when the author says his book is not written for women, he does not mean that it is unfit or improper for them to read ; he explains his meaning, and expresses his full knowledge of the effect his essay will produce, when he writes in the second or third page thus :

“I warn you that I am going to tell you some strange things: paradoxical, in some eyes ; unbecoming, in others ; monstrous, to all. Nevertheless, they must be told by some one ; as well by me as by another : I am used to the kind of outcry that will be raised. I need not add that what I write here is not written for women : women have no need of instruction about themselves : they know themselves well : and when by chance we know them better than they know themselves, they stop their ears, and insist on remaining in their ignorance, which serves them for self-deception at first, and for excuse afterwards.”

The Translator and Editor does not agree with this *dictum*, nor with many other opinions and views that are expressed by the Author ; nor is it necessary that he should do so, to account for his deeming the work worthy to be translated. It is a very remarkable work, containing many startling paradoxes, some untenable propositions, some false reasoning, but a large substratum of truth, sound sense, good advice, just sentiments, and *true morality* at the bottom. It is a work that cannot be ignored ; that has attracted and will attract great curiosity and attention ; will give rise to much discussion ; will draw down in certain quarters much condemnation, but which is calculated, if received in a proper spirit,—the spirit of calm reflec-

tion on the problems it discusses,—to do much good *to those who desire to draw good from it.*

As such I give it in its English dress.

As a sample of the *tone* of the book, and its real spirit and tendency, I might refer to many beautiful passages breathing a spirit of the chastest temper and the purest morality, allied with a fine and enlarged freedom of mind. I will only instance one or two. In his admirable advice to a young man he writes:

“Never seek for love outside of marriage; there, only, is esteem, and *love without esteem is an angel with only one wing.*”

Can any sentiment be more pure than that, or more beautifully expressed?

Again: “Every man whose actual life is not regulated in accord with the principles he professes in public, or the counsel that he gives to others, is a hypocrite or a maniac, on whom society should turn her back. If Jesus had contented himself with formulating his admirable code of morals without practicing it himself, he would never have founded his religion; his doctrine would have died with him. *He was divine by the harmony of his life with his precepts!*”

What do you say to that, gentlemen of the pulpit? Is not that good gospel and sound divinity? Of himself he says simply and nobly:

“Neither ambition, nor pride, nor gold, have the power to make me say what I do not think, nor to prevent me saying what I *do* think.”

And with that expression of an independent mind I leave the author, gentlemen of the pulpit, gentlemen of the press, and ladies of the lecture-room and of society, to your judgment.

GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

NEW YORK, November, 1872.

# MEMOIR

OF

## ALEXANDRE DUMAS (FILS).

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(From the London Daily News.)

ABOUT five-and-thirty years ago there began to be seen in the house of that great spendthrift of money and genius, called Alexandre Dumas, a boy who now describes himself as having been vivacious and playful, but whom his contemporaries state to have been a reserved lad—proud, and precociously sharp at retorting whenever his vanity was hurt. He was ten years old, and came home from his school on Sundays and holidays to be shaken hands with by his father, and then left to fill up his time as he pleased, or as he could. The house was full of literary toadies, Bohemians and impecunious artists. These formed the great Dumas' court, burned incense under his face, ate his dinners, borrowed his money, and forgot to repay it; and passed his boy about from hand to hand as an artistic curiosity that was to be admired, or as a pet-dog that was to be spoilt. No youth, as the author of *La Dame aux Camélias* has since acknowledged, could have been worse brought up. At school the colossal popularity of his father—for it was colossal at that period—threw its reflex on him, and made him as distinctive an object for curiosity and importunate questions as if he had always been

dressed in scarlet. At home the very unedifying scenes he witnessed, the easy morality of the ladies in whose company he was thrown, and the base cringing of the male crew who lived on his father's prodigalities, early tinged his thoughts with a streak of that bitterness which time never quite removes.

In this fashion the lad grew up until he was eighteen, at which age his father placed a roll of bank notes in his hands and spoke in this paternal wise: "When a man inherits the name of Alexandre Dumas he should lead the life of a prince, dine at the Café Anglais, and be generous with his money. Go and amuse yourself. When you have spent that you shall have more. If you contract debts I will pay them." Nothing could be plainer or more conducive to morality. Young Dumas threw himself headlong into the torrent of Parisian life, ran obediently into debt, drew, without stint or scruple, on his well-pleased father, and was never lectured by the father save on the meanness of parsimony. But this healthy sort of existence must necessarily experience checks when father and son both lead it together. The elder Dumas practiced all he preached, and by degrees the cash-bowls on his desk (his money was never locked up in drawers, but lay in bowls, open to all comers) began to be more and more often empty. One day when his son came to levy supplies from them he found they were in possession of the bailiffs, along with the rest of the house's furniture; and though his father cried to him, with one of his hearty laughs, that this was nothing, and that money was as fast earned as spent, yet this little episode set young Dumas thinking that if he should suddenly become an orphan he should find himself face to face with his own debts and his father's, possessed of no assets and no profession, and, besides all this, having a

sister to support. It may be that some less material thoughts mingled with these, and told him that the life he had been spending was not a very noble one, and that a man has other missions to fulfil than those of rolling about boulevards in a phaeton and signing his name to I O U's. Anyhow the resolution he took in the course of one day, and unflinchingly adhered to during several years, revealed in him a firmness of character and an honesty of purpose which could not have come from parental example, and must have been innate. He severed himself completely from his former mode of living, his friends, and associations. He discarded his phaeton and grooms, sublet his fine lodgings, sold off his furniture, dressed plainly, and having convoked his creditors told them with frankness that he was unable to pay them then, but that, if they would give him time, he would work till he had discharged his obligations to the last farthing. One would have been glad to record that the creditors met this assurance in a believing spirit; but the fact is they tried to lodge him in Clichy. He eluded them, however, took refuge at Fontainebleau in a small inn room, for which he paid thirty sous a day, and there during two years worked like a man.

He had already written a novel called *Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet*. He now changed his style, and, perceiving that he had not imagination enough to compose romantic novels like his father's, set himself to the minute, analytical portrayal of such social manners as he had observed. As his lot had been cast in the very loosest of social spheres, *La Dame aux Camélias* was the first result of his observations. This novel was a fair success. Then he wrote the dramatized version of the tale, and submitted it to his father, who, not suspecting him of having much brains, was startled at the dramatic



power of the work, and, with tears of pride, as he himself often repeated, accepted it for the Théâtre Historique. This theatre, however, like many other undertakings of the great man's, was at this time on the eve of bankruptcy, and young Dumas was soon obliged to set off with his piece on a round of managerial visits, which lasted two years. Oddly enough, it was in most cases his name which damaged him. Alexandre Dumas the elder, having been the most successful author of twenty preceding years, had naturally accumulated a very satisfactory collection of rivals, and it was feared that some of these would be only too delighted to hit a blow at the father by organizing a cabal against the son. Other managers took alarm at the immorality of the drama, and this immorality also disquieted the authorities, for when *La Dame aux Camélias* was eventually accepted by the Vaudeville its performance was prohibited by the Home Minister, M. Léon Faucher. Is it to this that we must attribute M. Dumas' distaste for Republican institutions? Certain it is that the following year, when the Empire had been established, M. de Morny actively bestirred himself to get the piece licensed, and, of course, succeeded. He had a nice little theory of his own, this M. de Morny, on the morality of stage pieces. Every piece was acceptable according to his notions, so long as it excited the public to talk on other topics than politics; thus *La Dame aux Camélias* would be moral, and *Ruy Blas* not so. The moral piece was therefore performed in 1852, and took the actors who played it, the manager, the audience, and soon the whole town, by storm. It was the most startling success on record. M. Dumas' astonished creditors emerged from their lairs, pounced upon him, and had him arrested eight times within a fortnight. But the manager was there to pay, for the young author had be-

come, in one evening, almost as famous a man as his father in thirty years.

There is not a Parisian but knows the "Dumas Fils," who then took his place among the half-dozen princes of French dramatic art. A tall strongly-built man, with a bald forehead, woolly hair, moustaches with wax to them, and keen gray eyes, he was not unlike his father in face, but seemed to have no single mental characteristic in common with him. Cold, and rather haughty in his manner, he wielded a species of wit which fell upon its victims like the thwacks of a well-made riding whip. When he paid his father one of those occasional visits which filial duty commanded, the greater Dumas' sycophantic familiars all shrunk away, not liking to risk a weal from that terrible tongue, and even Dumas Père himself felt uncomfortable in the presence of this son who had grown up to be so unlike him, and whose domesticated, orderly ways now began to strike him constantly in the light of a reproach. It was often said that father and son had quarrelled, but this was never true. The elder Dumas had too warm a heart, and the younger was too good a son, for a collision to be possible. Only they saw but little of each other, because when one man in a family has banned debt as a pestilence, whilst the other persists in looking upon it as the natural state of man—when one picks his society, and the other admits all men to his fellowship—when one is all sentiment, and the other all sense, intercourse is apt to be unprofitable. So young Dumas kept to his own set of friends—a brilliant artistic set, in whose company all the superficial ice in his nature thawed: and he worked. This point must be dwelt on, that the highest of his productions is and always has been the result of thought and labor. He does not, as his father did, sit down of a morning with six-and-thirty blank pages quarto size before

him, and make it his duty to cover them with writing of some sort before going out. Having got an idea—or a paradox, for to his essentially French mind it is all one—into his head, he turns the same over patiently by himself, discusses it with his patients, perhaps among his friends, and, after twelve months, sometimes two years, of this mental incubating, produces *Diane de Lys*, *Le Demi Monde*, *Le Fils Naturel*, or *La Question d'Argent*. Whilst the Empire flourished it was the younger Dumas' great good fortune to be free from any fear lest his pieces should not attract attention enough. Politics being hushed, the starting of any emotional social problem was like the firing of a shell amid perfect stillness; and as each new piece of Scribe's successor at the Gymnase was brought out, the author had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing society wrangle fiercely as to whether he were an earnest censor of social abuses or a corrupter of public morals. This is always pleasant; indeed, fortune can do nothing more for one.

But, yes; it can make of one an *homme sérieux*, as M. Alexandre Dumas aspires to be thought at this hour. Having played under the Empire something of the part which Alcibiades' tailless dog is popularly supposed to have filled at Athens, he now seeks to be one of the oracles of the day, to rank, in fact, among the "Men of the Third Republic." Since M. Thiers has guided France, M. Dumas has launched two new "psychological" comedies and three pamphlets, all of which tend, as he asserts, to the regeneration of France; and the last of which (the pamphlets) has been in most Parisians' hands for the last month, and is likely to linger in Parisian women's memories for yet some weeks to come. But it may be doubted whether anything that M. Dumas writes in his present frame of mind can evoke results deeper than a *succès de curiosité*, or will survive him; and this for the reason that,

falling into an error very common with professed censors, he has got to paint his countrymen much blacker than they really are. M. Dumas fancies himself still under the Empire. He forgets what bereavement and distress have passed through most French homes. Taking cases of crime and depravity that were monstrous, and exceptional even at the worst of times, he holds them up to his countrymen, and bids them see themselves as in a mirror; so that if one were to collect M. Dumas' verdicts on his countrymen from the plays and pamphlets recently published, one would learn that the French were politically and socially, morally and intellectually, the most flippant, unprincipled, debauched, and ignorant people under Heaven. Against this judgment one may be allowed to protest. There are really few countries where honesty is more common, practical morality more deep-rooted, and respect for the law more general, than in France. To ignore this argues either a very cursory study of the national character, or a cynicism grown chronic, and incapacitating its owner from seeing things as they are. But perhaps M. Dumas is aware that the French love to see their foibles scoffed at by one of themselves, and possibly the object of his numerous bits of "psychology" is merely to gratify their passion. If so, some friend should warn M. Dumas that a doctor who would prescribe a reckless course of astringents, even when pressed by his patient to do it, would conduce neither to that patient's health, nor to his own good fame as a physician.



# MAN-WOMAN.

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TO M. HENRI D'IDVILLE:

SIR,—I have just read in the *Soir* an article from your pen on this question: "Shall we kill the adulteress, or shall we pardon her?" You bring in excuse for the woman reasons sometimes good, often ingenious, always witty, and you conclude in favor of pardon. The theory maintained in your essay invites discussion; and if you will permit me, although I have not the honor of your acquaintance, I will undertake it with you. Besides, since the Dubourg affair my pen has itched to write, and I really only waited an opportunity to say my say; not to mention that for four or five years I have been studying and turning over in my brain this very question, which will be the basis of my next piece: *THE WIFE OF CLAUDIUS*.

This letter has thus, at first sight, all the air of an advertisement. Let that pass: I run the risk of that, and hasten to announce to you that Claudius and I come to quite a different conclusion from yours.

I need not say that my Claudius will be a modern Claudius, conscientious, Christian; and not the historic and imbecile Claudius who allows his wife to be killed

by Narcissus. As to the woman, it is the eternal Messalina, after as before Christ.

This question, which you have treated in a few lines (a thing I am afraid I shall not be able to do), is, you know as well as I, one of the broadest questions of the day. Humanity, collectively and individually, never ceases to puzzle itself over this charming and terrible *x*: *Woman*. We invariably owe our birth to her; frequently, too, our death: for if she gives life to the child, she reclaims it from the man as much as in her lies, in the actual state of things.

#### TREATMENT OF WOMEN.

According to some, the Orientals have solved the problem by shutting up their women. What a mistake! The Orientals have freed themselves from sentiment; but they have delivered themselves up to sensation. Now, sentiment exalts; the sensational degrades. They think they have subdued the enemy; they have merely concentrated him; nothing more. Instead of letting the tempest roam at large through the four quarters of the horizon, they have shut it up with themselves. It is killing them, inevitably, seriously, dully. They ignore the truth, which nearly all of us ignore, that the sole means to render woman innocuous is to make her free. Would you be her master socially, put an end to her slavery. Her slavery is her warrant, her power, her genius. Woman free, woman is dead.

But that is not the present question. Let us return at once to our proposition.

Shall we pardon the adulteress? Shall we kill her?

I warn you, sir, that I am going to tell you some strange things: paradoxical in some eyes; unbecoming in others; monstrous to the greater number. Nevertheless they must be told by some one; as well by me as by another. I am used to the kind of outcry that will be raised. I need not say that what I write here is not written for women. Women have no need of instruction about themselves; they know themselves well; and when, by chance, we know them better than they do themselves, they stop their ears and insist on remaining in their ignorance, which serves them for self-deception at first, and for excuse afterwards. Women never yield to argument, not even to proof; they yield only to sentiment or to force; to love or to blows; Juliet or Martine! The rest is perfectly indifferent to them.

I write, now, solely for the instruction of men. If, after I shall have laid bare these truths, they continue in their old errors on the subject of woman, it is not my fault, and I will wash my hands, like Pilate.

You are aware that Society has for its aim to regulate, to circulate, and to give value to the forces of humanity—body and soul. If Society fail in this, it is because she does not know all that she ought to know; or that she forgets what she knows; or that, as yet, she cannot do any better. She verifies, she classifies, she glorifies, she exterminates, in the name of facts; but of causes, of tendencies, of original fatalities, she takes no account. She is bounded on the east by the social state, on the west by the code, on the north by custom, on the south by a religion or a worship. And then, get out of the difficulty as



you can : she has neither the wisdom to foresee, nor the will to learn, nor the time to repair. The point, then, is in the midst and in the teeth of this collective ignorance, which cannot or will not guarantee us,—the point is to constitute oneself individually and be one's own guarantee, with the aid of certain eternal and implacable truths. Once armed with these truths, though we may not be free from attack, we shall be free from blows.

#### CLASSIFICATION OF WOMEN.

Now, socially, there are three orders of women. These are, if I may make use of classical terms :

The vestals,—who are at the top ;

The matrons,—who are in the middle ;

The hetairæ,\*—who are at the bottom.

Or, in terms more familiar and more intelligible :

Women of the temple ;

Women of the hearth ;

Women of the street.

All virgins are *of the temple* ; all wives and mothers are *of the hearth* ; all courtesans are *of the street* ; that is clear enough. Nevertheless, if you are guided by the records of the social register you will be deceived every minute. I repeat, Society does not, and cannot, make classifications except from manifestations visible to all. You show her a young girl, she must deem her a virgin ; she bows to her and inscribes her a woman of the temple. You show her a wife or a mother of a family, she is bound to consider

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\* *Hetaira* (of which *hetairai* is the plural) is the feminine of *hetairos*, i.e. a comrade.—ED.

her as settled and respectable; she bows and answers you, a woman of the hearth. You show her a prostitute, whom she has registered herself;\* she is bound to consider her as fallen and degraded, she lowers her eyes, saying, a woman of the street.

Society appears not to know, frequently does not know, what is known to some priests, some physicians, some lawyers, some *savants*, and some observers. She does not know in how many instances nature gives the direct lie, almost as fatal in its consequences as in its causes, to this superficial classification. So that Society makes wives, mothers, courtesans, of creatures who were born to remain virgins; and she tries to force other creatures to remain virgins, or to become wives and mothers, who were born to be courtesans.

The whole drama is comprised in that.

All virgins, as we have said, are *of the temple*. In fact it is mystery and impenetrability that constitute the temple. Now, virgins are unpenetrated mysteries. Nature and Society, apparently in harmony, tell them, when they are of a certain age, which differs according to latitude, that they ought to love.

Love whom?

Man, says Nature.

A man, says Society.

And, thereupon, Nature and Society set to crying out with all their might: To man, young ladies, to man!

And the man presents himself, in the condition of

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\* In France all women of professedly *bad life* are compelled to be registered.—ED.

a husband for the rich, a lover for the poor, with the key of liberty in his hands. He opens and they come out; and, save some who remain in the temple, either through direct vocation or through material necessity, or through fear of the stir and turmoil of the world, behold some take to the hearth, others to the street! Thus it is that Nature and Society, in accord so lately, are now beginning to be at odds with each other.

Let us begin with Nature.

#### FORM—MOVEMENT.

The two exterior manifestations of God are form and movement. In humanity movement is masculine, the feminine is form. From their union springs perpetual creation: but this union does not take place without combat. There is shock before there can be fusion. Each of the two terms finding in the other what it wants in itself, seeks to possess itself of it. Motion desires to draw form to himself; form desires to retain motion in herself.

Man, finding in woman the perfection of his own form, says to her: "Exist but for me!" "Be it so," replies woman; "but you, in return, act but for me!"

When the man is alive to his position and the woman harmonious, the combat is brief. Instead of wishing to subdue the woman, the man associates himself with her: instead of wishing to turn the man from his onward path, the woman walks by his side. It is now not merely union, it is communion: from which results a being, providentially combined; double and yet one; complete, in a word, having a

sense of its origin, of its development, and of its end ; or rather of its last rallying point, for this being knows well that it will not end. It is in eternal marriage and in eternal filiation. Admirable condition of being ! super-earthly ! which only needs death to become divine ; a condition to which few can attain, which few can even comprehend. It is love in its most pure, most elevated, and bounteous manifestation. It is evidently not with these elect, these chosen beings, that we have to concern ourselves here ; for they have no need of our reflections and of our instructions : their knowledge of the matter is deeper than ours. Honor, glorify them in passing, but pass on. Our business, at this moment, is only with that middle humanity to which we especially belong, which we have been in a position to study, and which, in proportion as we try to disengage ourselves from it, we would wish to benefit as much as ourselves by that which it has taught us.

Now, in this humanity, masculine and feminine, movement and form, the sexes draw together and couple, it must be freely said, without knowing why. The best-regulated conform to the laws of society, and before a magistrate or a priest swear to love and remain bound to each other till death. They keep their vow in general fairly enough. They yoke themselves together and draw life in couples, as oxen draw the plough, over stones and through dirt, beneath sun and rain ; and they carve out their furrow painfully, patiently, silently, without asking themselves what will be sown behind them, nor what will one day spring up there. Necessity is there to goad

them on when they would fain stop. She permits them to breathe from time to time at the end of the furrow, and a day of rest appears happiness to them. A good deal of instinct, of ignorance, of habit, a little resignation, sentiment, hope,—all these explain the matter.

At the same time they call into life other beings like themselves, and they die as they were born, as they have lived, as they have given life, as they have done everything, without knowing what they are doing. So much for the poor and the little: the vulgar!

As for the rich and the great, it is exactly the same thing, except that they are a little higher on the ladder; that they eat better and digest worse; and that they bear no burthen but their passions, their vices, their personal woes and griefs, almost always of their own making.

Such is the general, visible working of societies. Immense flocks of men, who creep about, browse, bleat, reproduce themselves, fight, pass, disappear and reappear, without a cloud returning on its path, without a drop of water reascending to its source, in the face of the most perfect indifference on the part of Nature, who maintains and devours them with a sublime and maddening insensibility.

#### THE COMBAT.

Well, the greatest combat imposed on these beings is not that with the elements, with barbarism, with hunger, with ambition, war and conquest: it is the combat between themselves, the combat of the mas-

culine and the feminine ; a formidable, eternal, daily, incessant combat ; the more terrible because the combatants commence by adoring, or by believing, and in all cases professing that they adore each other. Let us say it at once,—not to the praise (for there is something much better to be done for her and by her), but to the glory of woman,—man, apparently victor, is vanquished in this combat.

## THE PRIEST.

Catholicism, in suppressing the marriage of priests, well knew what she was doing ; and you see that since this New World of the soul exists, the shepherds of the human flock have been the men who have withdrawn themselves from feminine influence, or who have subordinated it to themselves by an alliance purely spiritual. Thus, the first thing that you do is to send your women and your children to the priest, declaring yourselves, by that, incapable of directing their soul, into which he penetrates and closes it to you after him, if he so please. He disappears then with them into regions where you are not admitted with them. They say things to each other there which do not concern you. It is the right of the confessor and the secret of conscience.

In case your daughter or your wife should commit a fault in spite of this beneficent intervention, be easy, you will recover all your rights ; it is you who will suffer, it is you who will repair. The priest, impassable and patient as his God, will counsel, will stimulate repentance. If repentance come, the priest resumes his authority ; if it do not come, he excom-

municates without a moment's uneasiness to himself. The girl he no longer leaves to the judgment of her father alone; the wife he no longer leaves submitted to the sole jurisdiction of her husband. It is true that man, on his side, can elude the priest in his own person; the priest takes but small pains to recall him. He retains the woman, and as long as he shall retain the woman he will be very sure to regain the man and his children; whose soul, the man, *occupied in serious affairs*, always confides to the mother, under the pretext that it is necessary for women and children to have a religion, which he does not know how to give them himself.

The priest has only one adversary, that is the lover. But, in the first place, all women have not lovers; and those who have had them (for we know how that ends) return to the priest in the proportion of ninety-five per cent.

We understand, then, how those who are called *free-thinkers* have but one idea, which is to emancipate the woman and tear her from the church. They feel assured that the male will never be free as long as the female, with whom he cannot dispense, shall submit herself to this arbitrary, and at the same time formal, representation of God. Unfortunately for the free-thinkers, they may make up their minds to it, they will never achieve this emancipation. They come in collision there, not with a social convention, which would be nothing, but with one of the constituent elements of woman's nature, as it is and ever will be.

Man is, for the most part, nothing but a fetish

worshiper and idolater. Thus he adores woman above all in her exterior form. Woman, on the contrary, is always superstitious,—that is, she always needs something above herself; something which may not have any form; for she herself is the last expression of form. And as man is, for the most part, gross, ugly, ignorant, brutal and stupid, he must submit himself to her or lower her to himself: as in every case she holds herself equal to him, she has recourse to that which can at once subdue him and exalt her; to that religious legend which makes her queen of the earth, in declaring that it was *she* who caused Adam to be driven from Paradise; that it was *she* who, without the assistance of man, gave birth to a God; and that it is she, in fine, who will save the world by crushing the head of the serpent. Thus, if you will follow the movement of souls as you follow that of politics and events, you will observe that the priest, from whom man disengages himself, bends his efforts to disengage catholic humanity from the religion of the *male*, so to speak; from the religion of the Father and the Son, and to lead it, by the immaculate conception, to the religion of *Mary*, of the virgin-mother, of the *spiritual spouse*,—in fine, of *woman*.\*

Large questions these, very large questions, and

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\* This view of priestly influence over the sex, and of the dominance of *Mariolatry* over the pure worship of God the Father, is, of course, most particularly applicable to the Roman Catholic Church; but priestly influence, generally, and in all countries and religions, finds its strongest support and most enthusiastic subjects in woman, and the susceptibility of her imagination.—ED.



of a very different importance from those which so frequently occupy our attention ; a fact which permits those who have raised themselves above human affairs by suppressing female influence over themselves and turning it against others,—the *professed religious*, I mean (and you understand the sense in which I use the term),\*—to trace the circle in which the others are inclosed.

Empires perish, civilizations undergo change, religions split up into sects, but God, man, and woman, governing principles of the world, remain ever the same. The three sides of the eternal triangle are, then, represented by God, man, and woman. The free-thinkers would fain place man and woman in opposition to God ; they will never succeed in this. The priests answer them by placing God and woman in opposition to the man who will not comprehend, and for whom they are driven to substitute themselves ; and this is why man is momentarily conquered. What is needed then ? A thing which some few have the secret of,—we must put the three sides of the triangle in harmony. In other words, instead of arraying man and woman against God, which can never be, instead of arraying God and woman against man, as is now done, that must be which ought to be, viz. : that God, man and woman should work in accord. Then universal harmony will be attained ; for the family being composed, in the first

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\* The author means, by the term "*professed religious*," priests, monks, and all who are by profession devoted to a life of celibacy, and, by implication, of chastity ; supposing always that they faithfully keep their vow.—ED.

instance, of the two individuals, man and woman, husband and wife, father and mother; society being composed of families, nations being composed of societies, and the world of nations, with God at the summit, around, and within, it is quite certain that the day when individuals shall be *in concert*,\* the world will be in harmony, and heaven and earth will make but one.—*Amen!*

## CLASSIFICATION OF MEN.

And the means to effect this?

Let us inquire.

Let us put out of the question the mass of things, which is merely a consequence, and concern ourselves only with man and woman, which are a principle. In the same manner as we have classed women we will class men. Only, in the classification of the latter, society enters for nothing; the liberty which man has laid down for himself, and which he needs in order to accomplish the task assigned to him in creation, forcing him continually to break in upon all social demarcations. He is not of the *temple*, because his virginity does not, as yet, form an integral part of his social value. He is not of the *hearth* in the same sense as the wife is, because a minute makes him a father, while it requires nearly a year to make her a mother; because he supports the child by his labor, not by his own substance, and the necessity of that labor may draw him a thousand leagues from the hearth;

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\* *Conscient, en conscience* (a new word, invented by the author, of which I know no better translation).—ED.

a thing that can only be demanded of the mother when she is a widow,—that is to say, when she is compelled to take the man's place and perform the office both of father and mother at once. In fine, he is not of the *street* in the same sense as the woman, for his faults of heart and body do not, up to the present time, carry in their train any social degradation to him; but only a physical or moral abasement out of which he may rise at will. If he sell himself, if he make a traffic of love like the prostitute, he falls even below her; he is not of the *street*, even; he is of the *gutter*.\*

Since, then, man possesses a motion proper to himself, freed from certain necessities imposed on woman, we can only class him according to the testimony which he freely gives of himself. We will divide men, then, into two orders of an elementary simplicity:

The men who know; that is, a few.

The men who do not know; that is, all the others.

The first have received the mission to instruct and lead the second; but as these latter know themselves to be the more numerous, they proclaim themselves the most sensible, at all events the stronger, and they

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\* This points to a peculiar blot on French manners,—*l'homme entretenu*: the man who lives upon the resources of a woman—drawn sometimes, if she be of high rank, from her husband's generosity; sometimes, if of low position, from the prostitution of her person—giving her his love, or what passes for such, in return, is a creature too low to be considered in the list of manhood. Such creatures do, however, exist in the French capital, both in high and low life, if we are to believe the pages of Eugene Sue and others.—ED.

resist, in the name of their interests, their passions, their sentiments, their habits, their liberty. This it is which explains the silent march of humanity towards evident truths.

Now, in what regards man and woman, you see at once of what nature, of what duration, and of what consequence the conflict between the two orders may be.

When woman falls into the hands of the man *who knows*, everything goes on wonderfully, as we said at starting: the man *who knows* never deceiving himself in his choice of a wife, or *knowing* what to do afterwards, if by chance he has made a mistake before.

But as the man *who knows* is rare, the majority of women fall into the hands of men *who do not know*. Now, as woman cannot be set in action but by man, since it is he who has the motive power, you see again, at once, either they can go together, or each on his or her own part, not knowing whither; from which it might be inferred that when the woman is in fault it is always the fault of the man; and from that point man is condemned to pardon: the conclusion at which you arrive, sir, in your interesting article. Let us examine that.

We know, do we not, how men take wives. Let us concern ourselves at first only with marriage in its æsthetic aspect, so to speak: that marriage which is the immediate consequence of the woman's coming out of the *temple*, and upon which she enters in virgin purity and good faith. A man makes either a love-match, or what is called a prudent marriage: in both

cases he signs a definite compact ; he contracts an indissoluble alliance, in France, at least.

#### HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.

He meets, or is introduced to, a young girl more or less apt, more or less disposed to marriage : for since she is absolutely ignorant what marriage is, no one but herself, not even herself, can know whether she is apt and disposed to it. What matter ? She loves her intended, or rather he pleases her, which is by no means the same thing ; for it is necessary to recollect what a great many people forget : *the young girl never knows, the eve of her marriage, whether she truly love the man she is about to marry, or no.* She cannot know that till the day after ! Oh ! that day after ! We will return to that, as you probably guess.

The day after marriage is the *genesis* of woman. You have doubtless assisted at weddings, have you not, among the aristocracy, among the middle class, among the lower orders ? There is more or less luxury displayed, more or less company. The impression is always the same : it is sad at bottom ; it has the odor of human sacrifice.

Look well at the pair. Which of the two is, at this moment, superior to the other ? The woman, evidently. Think of all that she brings, all that she risks ! What an unknown is before her ! And what emotion, what agitation, what prayer is within her ! She has been prepared ; she has been told that there is a natural mystery which she must pass through and undergo in order to be at one with God, in order to become definitively a woman, in order to raise her-

self to the rank of mother. What circumlocution! What paraphrases! What metaphors!

The woman, thus, brings with her to marriage innocence, a vague curiosity, an involuntary fear, and what she, then, calls love. Look at the man. Be he peasant, laborer, duke, peer, it is certainly the one day of his life on which he has the most stupid look, with his black coat, his white cravat, and the atmosphere of the hairdresser's shop which always hangs about him somewhat. Does he comprehend the grandeur, the eternity, of the act which he is accomplishing? He has not even an idea of it. He is either in a state of desire or of calculation. He has just declared himself a sacrilegious perjurer; since in order to contract this definitive engagement he must necessarily, if he be honest—(there's a word that has been put to very strange uses!), he must have immolated in his thought at least, certainly in reality, all the precedent loves to which he had also promised eternal fidelity! Ah! poor man! weak, in mind and gross in desire, see what you bring to this virgin body and soul! Look at the sacrifice you make! And you are oftentimes sincere. You think that things should be thus and that all will go as you wish. You are so young, so robust; you are so well-behaved, too, so very good, since you commenced your courtship; unless, indeed, you buried your bachelor-life with certain jovial companions and certain good-natured girls of whom you desired to take a last farewell, and to pour a last libation to unauthorized love! Behold you, at last, well-protected by the Code, well-blessed by the church, well-beloved of the family, well-armed

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with your sex. After a short repast, to which you have invited your witnesses, your best friends, and all relations,—a repast either ceremonious or noisy, according to your surroundings and your character,—you depart with your bride, and the world is before you.

#### THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

You are at length alone ! This living creature belongs to you. Her family and society have delivered her up to you, after she herself has declared her confidence in you. At once the altar and the victim in the sacrifice which is about to be accomplished, she awaits the God from whom she is to receive death and life ; for something is to die and something is to be born in her. She has consented to depart from the temple only to reach something higher. Above the temple she sees only heaven. She is quite ready to ascend thither with you : her wings are spread ; where are yours ? Beware ! the moment can never be recalled. She is untouched, she is mute, she is ignorant, she is agitated ; but, she is woman ; she is curious. She will hide her face in her hands, doubtless, in order not to grow dizzy on the heights ; but are you sure that she will keep her eyes closed all the time, and that she will not part her fingers a little to see if you guide her well on the way that she wishes and is bound to go ? Certainly it is interesting to discover shores which no geographer has mapped, and to plant one's flag there ; but one may be massacred by savages, like Cook, or be lost on the reefs, like La Perouse. Beware ! you are walking in the unknown. There are

perhaps there rocks and currents from which you cannot escape; there are perhaps there savages hungry for human flesh, and who will devour you; or there is perhaps there an angel who will perceive that you are not of heaven, and that you are not on the way thither. Take good care! you are not here what you have been heretofore, a man engaged in an amour with a woman already instructed by one or more before you, well knowing what you desire of her and what she desires of you, and whom you will say good-by to to-morrow,—perhaps. You are, here, Man in face of Woman, as on the first day of the world. God looks on, the serpent lies in wait, the Cherubim with the flaming sword stands at the gate. In a word, you are engaged in the great combat,—the eternal combat of the masculine and the feminine.

In this combat the weapons are not the same on both sides. In her quality of the embodiment of form the woman is passive; in his quality of the embodiment of movement the man takes the initiative; it is his to attack. Man makes great account of this particular quality, although it does not depend on his will, has its own arbitrary action, and is limited in power. It is nevertheless his principal argument for his ultimate triumph. He believes, then, that he will have conquered because he will have overthrown; that he will have subdued because he will have vanquished. It is for this warrior-prowess that he has hitherto been loved, or has believed himself loved. He deceived himself then, he deceives himself now. Before, it was not love that was asked of him, it was



pleasure; now it is not pleasure that is asked of him, but love.

In brief, one of the many of man's errors is to believe that he can overcome his wife by sensation. There is not a woman, whatever she may have become, who does not speak of this first reality, if she speak of it at all, with shame, with horror, with disgust, with sadness: and those who find pleasure in it ultimately are almost as rare as those who give themselves up to it willingly in the first instance.\*

What you do not know is that not only your wife, but every woman who deserves the name, has a very low appreciation of man during this momentary

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\* This *dictum* of the author, though partially true, admits of great qualification. It is true, that love with a woman is much less a thing of sense than it is with a man; it is necessarily so in the order of nature. Love is duplex: made up of sentiment and sense; passion and esteem; desire and confidence: wanting either of its constituents it is imperfect, only half made up. Perfect in both, it is the most glorious of enthusiasms, the most entrancing of all earthly bliss. As the author justly observes, man takes the initiative: he attacks; and sense stimulates him to this attack. Woman *yields*; yields, if she be a true woman, lovingly; she gives herself wholly, body and soul, to the man she loves. She may, perhaps, at first, in her inmost heart, if she be a very delicate-minded woman, of a fine organization and of high sentiment, feel a kind of grief that such a sacrifice should be necessary to love's consummation: but she accepts it with a reluctant joy, with a retiring readiness, as the crowning act of union that blends her being with her husband's. Love sanctifies, purifies, redeems all: and, encircled in her husband's arms, the chastest wife who truly loves soon grows warm in his embrace, and palpitates with thrilling delight to meet his kiss. There are, doubtless, thousands of women of whom the author's *dictum of repulsion*, from first to last, is true; but the nature of such women is incomplete, or has never found the hand that could wake its strings to love.—ED.

apotheosis. She needs, in order to share his creative intoxication, either an original disposition of the senses,—a very rare disposition among women,—or a progressive initiation. The most fruitful mothers have frequently never known it; and there are adulteresses and courtesans who have lost themselves in search of it and have died without having experienced it. Do not expect, then, to find ready to your hand in the virgin-wife this peculiar disposition. If you do so find it, tremble for your peace, your honor, your life; unless, having had the misfortune to uncover the celestial fire, you have also the talent to direct it, and are at the same time a Prometheus and a Franklin; in which case I bow down to you as master. The Caucasus is your pedestal, and for you, the tamed vulture, will sing like a nightingale.

What is certain is that, be the wife ever so tender, so resigned, so confiding, the definitive contact of the husband she feels as a degradation: for this contact takes from her her integrality, her unity of body and soul, and bounds, limits, defines her *ideal*, by disturbing it in her senses and modifying it even in its form. She feels herself penetrated, by consequence fallen; and she does not share what she gives. She is doubly a dupe: such is her first impression, or rather such is the substance of the vague impressions which follow your assault and her metamorphosis; for in the first days she can render no account to herself of her own thoughts, but little by little she enters into her nature, she feels a kind of desire of revenge; and, like the cat shut up in a new house, after having crouched an instant under

the furniture, she commences to look at the walls and to smell at the doors,—all this without premeditation, on pure instinct. She soon perceives, with a joy easy to understand, that the victory achieved over her by her husband is a mock one, and that the less she resists him the more she will triumph over him. She passes her paw over her muzzle; there are mice in the room!

Be well assured of it, it is not for nothing that nature leaves the bride her full self-possession. In those very moments when the bridegroom wishes most to deprive her of it, and when he loses his own, it is then that, shutting her eyes, she examines her conqueror, studies him, and begins to know him. His be the spontaneous but intermittent strength; hers the continuous and enduring power! The first grip is the man's! But after? Happy victim! poor executioner! It is then that you begin to hear those words, from which you augur that you have wedded a reasonable and sensible woman.

"Come, my friend, *now* it is time to get to work seriously, or perhaps we must go into the world a little. I promised my mother to go to her country-house, and we must not neglect our friends;" and after some time, at last, "Suppose I should tell you a fine bit of news, sir?"—

"Truly?" "Yes!" "O, how I love you!"

#### THE WIFE-MOTHER.

Mark how she resumes at the same time the carriage and air of the *temple*. What long dresses, without waist, and with trains, like the Madonna's! What

noble attitudes, not without a touch of pride ! What graceful and modest *poses* ! Now, then, spare her all fatigue ; save her from all emotion. It is 'no longer a question of sentiment, as with the young girl, or the intoxication of desire, as with the wife : sentiment and desire have done their work in their due time. Respect the mother, adore her, wait on her. All the female part of the two families, hers and yours, group around her to isolate her from you. She is so inexperienced, so delicate ! It is not she alone who may suffer from an imprudence ; there is the child, too. You are henceforth three ! Recollect that ; and your desire to conquer, your muscular heroics, what becomes of them, *now* ? To wish to subject her to them would be a crime : to indulge them elsewhere, an infamy !

For the present she is occupied with quite another matter : she is working out her last incarnation ; she is becoming a mother. If maternity please her, which she will not know till afterwards, she will ask it of you again, be assured. If it do not please her, I would not be in your place for much ! You'll have a bad time in the alcove !\*

In the meantime, it is not you, but the infant, that engrosses her. Just as she forgot father and mother when, as a young girl, she thought of you, she now forgets you when she thinks of *him* ; that is to say, of that new unknown, and you know that woman famishes for the unknown ; and then make up your

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\* In French *menage* the bed is usually placed in an *alcove* or curtained recess.—ED.

mind to this: this very infant that she bears in her bosom, she does not consider it as belonging to you too,—it is hers only. Do you imagine that she acknowledges for an instant an equality between your part and hers in this work of generation? Is it you that have immolated your virgin modesty? Is it you who suffer? Is it you whose entrails will be torn? Is it you who are going to lose the grace of your figure and the purity of your outline? Is it you who run the risk of death even? This child is hers, hers only, as you will find too when it shall see the light.

#### THE FATHER.

On your side, between ourselves, what impression does the thought that you are about to be a father make on you? Nature has played you a trick, and there you stand almost astonished at what is about to happen. Do you remember when you were a boy how you used to laugh at other people's children? "Lolo! Dodo! Dada!" used you to say, mockingly: "the insufferable little wretches!" But these were other peoples' children. Well! And for some days preceding the event, the doctor will prescribe walking exercise to your wife in aid of nature. Where will you be, then? Never will you have been so full of business as during those last days. Speak the truth. You are afraid to show yourself with her. A husband who walks in the street with a wife only a month from her confinement, with this little barrel on legs, is a droll sight, is he not? He has the air of saying to all the world, "Ha ha, what think you

of this? Nevertheless, it is I——” And everybody would gaze at him, and you would trace, on the lips of the passers-by, jokes which were formerly familiar to your own.

She does not, however, desire that you should accompany her. On the contrary, she rather prefers you should be away: you would embarrass her before strangers. “A husband in public with his wife in this condition,—it is not proper, it is not decent. She will go out with her mother, with her sister, with a female friend. There are a thousand details which men have nothing to do with.” When you come in, nevertheless, you will bring her fruits, salted meats, the first vegetables, and half-ripe things; she has longings.

Do you know what she would like? “That the event should take place in your absence. She is sure of her own courage, but she is not sure of yours. You are too excitable, too nervous. The doctor has told her a dozen times that the husband does more harm than good on these occasions. Men are not strong enough to bear such a spectacle. Ah! if they had to suffer for their child what women suffer! Then we should see that they are not so brave as they are thought. The best thing that could happen would be that, one day, on coming home, you should find the little one born outright, all swathed and tricked out upon his bed by the side of his mother.”

Are you sufficiently outside of the circle? Are you of little enough account? The child comes into the world; the mother returns to herself. Of whom are her thoughts then? Of you? No: of

the little one. Is it a girl? Is it a boy? Show him to me. Dear little angel! And then, if she turn towards you: "Oh, I have suffered much; I really thought you would never see me again! How you must love me, cherish me, watch over me, spoil me! For you know I am going to nurse baby. That's settled!"

To nurse! but nursing is an affair of ten or twelve months! You rush to the doctor. He must make your wife listen to reason. (You see you already require some one to make her do that!) She is not strong enough! Nursing will fatigue her! it will exhaust her! it will destroy her! For the infant itself a good, strong, hired nurse from the country is infinitely better. The health of the infant before all! You do not give the doctor all the reasons which you could give, but he divines the rest. "Doctor, put yourself in my place," etc., etc.

The wife is obstinate: she will nurse baby herself! "She would eternally reproach herself with not having done her duty; and if anything were to happen to the child she would never forgive herself. Nothing for a baby like its mother's milk! It is not enough to give it life,—you must sustain it;" and so on.

What answer can you make to all that? So that is settled for a year. After which, if you have been very good, shall you be permitted again to become a father? No; but to make her again a mother: yes.

You bow your head; you see yourself vanquished in your turn by the sex,—the eternal sex. It has used you for the work which it had to do. She

attracts you, seduces you, makes use of you, keeps you off, takes you on, or puts you aside, just as the exigencies of her destiny and her office in nature require. And take note, too, incidentally, that the result is always the same, whatever may be the plan on which you take up with a woman. She never takes you for you ; she takes you always for herself.

## THE HEARTH.

I wish you to observe that the woman I have been putting forward as an example is all that you can find, the very best you can desire for wife. After having been of the *temple*, such a one is at once of the *hearth* ; and she remains there, loyally, forever lit up with a ray of her former state. She is not only in accord with nature, she is in accord with religion and society. She is truly the spouse ; she is truly the mother. She follows, straight on, her path in this world, with God above her, her husband at her side, her children around her. To whatever class she belong, woman of the court or woman of the people, she lives and dies well poised and balanced.\*

## THE HUSBAND-FATHER.

If you are among the men *that know*, you recognize her at once, and you make her recognize you. You understand each other, you blend together, you very soon become one, and you are the MAN-WOMAN of the first creation.

If on the other hand, you are (and you are, or I

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\* *En équilibre.*



should have nothing to tell you), if you are among the men *who know not*, and you have won her, nevertheless, by conformity of social position, either she suddenly enlightens and rallies you (*ex labiis feminae spiritus* \*), still maintaining herself above you, or, acknowledging the fact that you are of the same group but not of the same value as herself, while all the time respecting you externally, she draws you by degrees out of her interior life, and contents herself with applying you to the purpose of her own function. She suppresses you as real spouse, she eliminates you as effective father, she admits and uses you as generator; after which, she sends you to work, to the fields, in the paths of ambition or pleasure, keeping you always gravitating in her atmosphere, preventing you from losing yourself in your fancies, and declaring herself solely responsible in face of the eternal and the social.† She takes care of you in illness, she sympathizes with and aids you in misfortune, she buries you and glorifies your name when dead, she hands you down in legends to your children, such as you should have been, such as they will delight to honor in their memory; and when she dies, after you, and finds you vainly knocking at the gate of heaven, she says to God, "Lord, let this man pass: I know him; he is not wicked."

This woman is what is called a superior woman, relatively, understand. Thank Heaven for having given her to you: you did not merit her. Without

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\* *From the lips of woman, spirit.*

† *I.e.* God and Society.

her you would have done what all the imbeciles of your species, who have not met such a woman, do : you would have heaped ruin on ruin, and disaster on disaster. This woman is not so rare as she is thought to be ; and would be still less so if man knew woman better, and if he did not, in the name of his false interests and false enjoyments, waste in celibacy, in excessive work, in misery and corruption, a great part, the greater part perhaps, of that element of life, —fertility and renewal. Few women but feel or have felt in themselves, at a given moment, a disposable value, designed to be called into use, and who have not cried out with love, with despair, with threats even, on the sole being who can put that value into action,—man : since before all things they ought to be mothers, and they cannot be so except by him. Hence woman's great merit, her evident superiority over man, when, having failed to meet with the true spouse and the true father in him whom she has wedded, she seeks no further, and, remaining an irreproachable wife, constitutes herself father and mother. Hence also her right to complain of and to revenge herself on the man when he, disdaining her in her native value, does not even associate her with himself by marriage and esteem, and would fain profit, at the sole risk of the woman, by the weaknesses, the lapses, the backslidings, of which he is the cause. Everything is permitted to the woman then ; and when we hear men thunder against courtesans who dupe them, plunder them, and disgrace them and their children, we are right to laugh in the face of these usurers of the soul, who actually expect to

gather love and happiness where they have sown only wrath and hate.

Now, there is another absolute truth that woman never tells when the combat commences, in order not to give her adversary rights which he might abuse: that truth is, that if, aloud, she demands of man to be her slave, in secret she requires him to be her master; a master, strong, gentle, and just, to whom she will bow down, whom she will love, whom she will sincerely honor when she has recognized his mastery. She does not wish to be a prey; she wishes to be a conquest: and she is right. Loyally and deliberately conquered, she is forever a submissive ally; misunderstood or misapplied, she is forever indifferent or hostile. And the superiority which she looks for in man has nothing to do with social superiority: it is purely moral. She does not require the man she loves to be superior to other men; she would perhaps be afraid of such a superiority; all she requires is that he shall be superior to her. From the moment that she decides to obey him she judges him capable and worthy to command all. This explains why some obscure men have been so much loved, and why so many celebrated men have been loved so little. In every woman there is a good deal of a *Chimène*; only the combat in which she desires her *Cid* to be victor, and of which she is the prize, is the combat between himself and her.\*

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\* The *Cid* is a tragedy of Corneille, the heroine of which is *Chimène*: the *Cid* wins her as the prize of his prowess in a combat to which, in spite of her acknowledged love for him, she causes him to

She estimates herself so highly, indeed, that she never doubts after that victory but that he can, besides, conquer all the Castilians and Navarrese on the earth.

Such is woman,—woman in her inmost core, if I may so express myself; but this creature, one in form, function, ideal, is perpetually modified in external exhibition by surrounding influences, by education, by family, by the mixture of races, by a thousand fatalities that act upon her without her being conscious of them, and, above all, by man's ignorance, that, too often asking of her something different from what she has to give, brings her something different from that which she demands.

## MOCK WOMEN—REAL WOMEN.

In brief, there is Woman such as nature has made her; and there are *women* such as Society has made them. And we must be careful not to confound these two distinct species in our minds, whatever efforts the mock women may make to pass themselves off for the real. Do not let yourself be deceived. The one is an element, that is to say, a simple body, and, by consequence, indecomposable;

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be challenged. *Don Rodrigue* (the *Cid*) has slain her father in a duel provoked by himself. *Chimène* then demands of the king that she shall be allowed a champion to revenge her father's death on her lover. *Don Sancho* presents himself as her avenger, the prize of victory being the lady's hand, by her own decree. But in this knightly combat of her own devising, her fears and wishes are all on the side of *Don Rodrigue*, who is, in fine, victorious, and so obtains the hand of his beautiful enemy, whose heart he had won before.  
—ED.

the others are compositions, mixtures, chemico-social combinations, from which only *religious*,\* the observer, *the man who knows*, can extract the divine element, latent or in reserve; but which, as long as this element is not disengaged, trouble, intoxicate, lull to sleep, paralyze, exasperate, dissolve, and volatilize the mock men, *those who do not know*, without succeeding in concentrating themselves. It is from this confusion of the false with the real that spring the comedies, the farces, the dramas, the tragedies of love; from which the fiction-writer draws his sustenance, his fortune, and his fame, increasing, as much as in him lies, by the predominance which he gives to vague sentimentalities on fundamental truths, increasing this confusion, seductive and dangerous to the world, though profitable to him.

We have just now admitted the most fortunate hypothesis for a man, that of a marriage in which he has met with a woman, functionally capable, who will only demand of him the means of paying to nature the tribute she demands of her,—maternity; but we must admit the case to be much more frequent where, in place of uniting the woman to himself, the man places himself in juxtaposition to a woman; that is to say, forms one of the chemico-social combinations before mentioned.

Now, it is these same combinations that contradict and disarrange the famous social classification: *women of the temple, women of the hearth, women of*

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\* The author has previously explained that by *religious* he means persons devoted to celibacy through religion, as priests, monks, etc.

—ED.

*the street.* Nature, too, makes the same classification; but, instead of deciding from the outside, she decides from the inside, so that her decisions are irrevocable.

• INFLUENCE OF RACE.

What is called civilization having in all times brought with it great human upturnings, nations the most distant from each other have entered into relation together, almost always, by means of war. After having given each other knocks, people have learnt to know each other, and races into which the species was divided have crossed. There are found, then, especially after the more recent ages, in the bosom of our modern society, individuals springing from the crossing of two or three, maybe of five or six races and their varieties, who contain in themselves, in proportions more or less equal, the attenuated but permanent characteristics of the different types of which they are the result. If you add to this the traditions, the educations, the religions, the passions, the habits, the peculiar manners of the groups and the families to which their ancestors have belonged, you will arrive at the most fantastical mixtures, giving the most heterogeneous products, and frequently the most opposite to the whole of which they form a part. It is an elementary principle, in following out the moral examination of men, to find out from what type the subject descends, in conformation of head, feet, hands; in the color of face, hair, skin; in the sound of his voice, in his movements, his attitudes, gestures; even in his resemblance to animals; which

last precious indications we owe to Lavater; they would have astonished Buffon.

Without these comparisons you will arrive at no result; and you will take for fortuitous anomalies, for spontaneous aberrations of mind, certain characters which have the fault or the misfortune of not moving in the field of action to which nature destined them. It happens even that the pressure of the antagonistic medium, from which these beings cannot withdraw themselves, leads them, in practice, to folly, to crime, to suicide, to sterility. Others contrive to emigrate, at whatever cost, and return instinctively, without knowing how themselves, to the cradle of their race. With some, too, sap and origin are so all-powerful that, instead of allowing themselves to be swallowed up by their hostile surroundings, they array themselves against them, absorb, draw in, and transform them, for good or evil. But the greater number, in the thousand opportunities furnished by a society in movement like ours, find a vent for their exotic faculties; and, if the police had the time, it could devote itself to a moral ethnography of the most interesting and useful nature.

That which is to be noted of individual men is necessarily to be noted of individual women. Only women, more circumscribed, if not in their action, at least in their movements, have scarcely anything but marriage and love for their field of operation, and men for their instruments. Now, men, whatever may be their origin and whatever their end, passing more or less by woman, woman waits them on their passage, ready to follow them, or to direct them, accord-

ing as they shall be strong enough to draw her along, or weak enough to be confined by her. Here the combat sometimes assumes terrible proportions.

If this male and this female are, I will not say harmonious, but of the same kind, they recognize each other very quickly, and, regaining or transporting their latitude into their sentiments, they come to live *here* nearly as they would live *down there*: they hang on to each other, they love each other, they get on well together, according to the common phrase. But if a young merchant, whose traditions and fortune trace back purely and simply to Lombard Street,—if such a one demand and obtain the hand of a young girl who derives her descent from the savages of Mendana, who dress in feathers, tattoo themselves, draw the bow like William Tell, and occasionally eat up their children, like Saturn, what do you expect will become of him who calls and deems himself a man because he is dressed in a certain manner and moulded in a certain manner? What she, the woman, will become is not difficult to foresee. And do not think I jest. There are, at the boarding-schools, in the families, and in the shops of our great cities, young girls—charming girls, too—who, instead of studying the history of France, or Massillon's *Meditations for Lent*, or following out their apprenticeship to dress-making and the fashions, care as much about the work they are put to as they do about what is going on in the moon; because they ought at that same moment to be racing over the Pampas with the Gauchos, or eating clay with the Ameypures, or their old parents with the Battahs, or



be serving in the guard of honor of the King of Dahomey, or painting their eyes, plucking off their hairs, and putting stars on their forehead in expectation of the Sultan, or having flints broken on their bodies at feasts in the country towns of Canton. What are called the dreams and imaginations of women are frequently nothing more than the distant and repeated recollection of their first ancestors. We daily elbow red-skins with rosy tint, negresses with plump white hands, veritable anthropophagæ, who, not being able to eat man raw, prepare and make themselves ready to nibble him up daintily alive, as becomes civilized women, with the sauce of marriage or pleasure, with plates, napkins, forks, finger-glasses, sacraments, and legal protection!

#### EDUCATION—ITS EFFECTS.

I shall be answered, in opposition to what I say, that education modifies, corrects, destroys these fatalities. Education improves the good, strengthens the weak, which is, in itself, a great deal to do; but it can produce no effect on certain psychological elements which constitute certain human individualities. It strips us, sometimes, of the influences of a bad medium,—influences that are too easily confounded with the native exigences planted in us by pitiless inheritance; but it corrects neither the coward, nor the proud, nor the avaricious, nor the jealous, nor the libidinous: on the contrary, it supplies them with new and ingenious means for the more easy and more fruitful development of their cowardice, their ambition, their avarice, their jealousy, their lust: it

adds also, sometimes, that other means of concealing their vices and rendering them more dangerous for others,—hypocrisy. Even the misfortunes that result to the passionate and the vicious from their passions and their vices do not cure them. It is in vain for you to bring up a bear in cotton and put blue ribands on his neck, you will never make a dog of him; he will always be savage at heart, always pine after the woods, and sooner or later he will fly at your throat. All the beast-tamers end by being devoured, whatever the means they may have employed to soften and enervate their animals.

“But man is not a wild beast like the tiger, the bear: he is Man! he has a soul!”

He will have a soul, you mean to say. At this present moment there are, in truth, a certain number of men on earth who have a soul. How many? Five per cent.? You think that is not enough: well, say ten per cent.? I think, myself, that's too much; never mind; but look round you: the rest of them have not an idea what a soul is! It is with certain truths as with certain stars, which have positively existed for millions of years, but their light has not yet reached us. It is on the way; we expect it; and this book that you are now reading is only one of the hundred thousand glasses raised to discover it in the depths of ether.

Meanwhile, to keep entirely to our subject, which is not easy, for it touches on all that is; meanwhile, to Society, which says, All virgins are of the temple, all wedded mothers are of the hearth, all unwedded mothers, all courtesans, are of the street, Nature

answers; You deceive yourself, and, consequently, you deceive others. In the first place, you have there, in the temple, creatures whom you class on a particular sign which is independent of them, and who, born of *the street*, will fatally arrive there, either by crossing the hearth, or by overleaping it. Nothing will prevent them. It is in the blood; it is in the race.

Next, you have forcibly compelled to enter on the hearth creatures of an exquisite delicacy, who were born for the eternal temple, and whom you have condemned to ignorant man, to gross reality, to maternity, withering and deadly for them, because they have neither the constitution nor the organs necessary to the function you impose on them. Are you ignorant that, if there are beings who have yet no soul, there are also some who have not, or who have ceased to have, any body; who blush, who suffer, who die of human contact? Are you ignorant that there are angels on earth, and that you must not cut their wings? And look! I see that you have let some of them fall in *the street*, where they cry for help and struggle in the mud. Mind, then, what you are doing, stupid! Do you imagine to yourself that Christ is going to re-descend upon the earth to put all in order, to drive out the traders, and to bring the Magdalen in again?

It is then inevitable, O Society, that you should be punished from time to time for your ignorance of things; and when, one of these days, insurrection shall land in the capitals of civilized nations to destroy you, you will see what this vague womanhood is which you treat so lightly; and which you will be forced,

not daring to meet it face to face, to shoot down from behind, between her can of petroleum and her pint of brandy. You will then know whence spring those young, handsome, savage, wild, hideous women, a thousand times more ferocious than *their men*, who burn your great city, massacre your magistrates and priests, assassinate and mutilate your soldiers.\*

These are the baggages of *the street*, are they not? You will remove them? Very good. And what then? Then you will employ yourself in instructing them and teaching them morality. There are already institutions for this purpose. Good luck to them!

## THE COQUETTE.

Just at present, as we must have an occasional laugh, do me the favor to observe that pretty young person who goes backwards and forwards in the *temple*, looking out of the window every now and then. Oh, she has her ideas of marriage, that one, I assure you! She absolutely despises man; but she knows that she must have one, not as a support and

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\* The women of Paris, *les poissonnières*, the women of the *Halle*, have ever distinguished themselves in the revolutions which have taken place there, by their savage ferocity and frenzied enthusiasm, far surpassing their men (*leurs hommes*) in fierceness and inexorable cruelty. *Les pétroleuses* of the late communist insurrection were the last terrible impersonations of this female madness for blood and destruction. No more terrible spectacle can be conceived than hordes of these pitiless, remorseless, fiend-like women let loose, like avenging furies, upon Paris, armed with dagger to kill, and with petroleum to fire the doomed city.—ED.

a protector, but as a cover and a joint-stool!\* She will find what she wants, be sure. She calls into play all her graces, all her charms, all her lures, all that nature has given her and art has taught her. She was born a virgin, because she could not help that; although she must have taken, even in her mother's womb, the attitudes of the immodest Manon.† She makes the temple her abode, because there is her starting-point and her stake in the game she plays with Society; otherwise, she would long ago have pitched up her virgin's cap in the air and thrown it to the winds of heaven;‡ but I give you my word she does not find it an amusing place. This young lady has her nose in the air, and sniffs the four quarters of the horizon. If she be rich, she will buy the required male; if she be poor, she will only have to exercise a little more patience and cunning, and she will manage to be bought by him. And, besides,

\* Thus, in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*:

*Katharine* (to Petruchio). I knew you at the first:

You were a movable.

*Petruchio*. Why, what's a movable?

*Katharine*. A joint-stool.

† *Manon Lescaut*, the heroine of a very remarkable French romance; exhibiting the wild passion of a young man for a woman of a thousand seductive graces, but a born courtesan,—that is, a libertine at heart, to whom constancy was impossible.—ED.

‡ *Elle en aurait fait un moulin, et elle aurait jeté par-dessus le bonnet de Sainte-Catherine*: This is a French idiomatic and proverbial expression, meaning, literally, *She would have made a mill of the temple, and would have thrown over it the cap of St. Catherine*. "To throw one's cap over the mill" is a French expression for what is called in English "*throwing everything to the deuce*;" that is, acting recklessly of consequences.—ED.

she is prepared for everything. She is determined to shine, and she will give pasture and pleasure to her flesh. The man presents himself. Be she noble, of the middle class, or of the people, it matters not; she has in her what attracts, and she makes good use of it. She goes through the preliminary sentimentalities in the gayest manner, and the marriage-knot is tied in the twinkling of an eye. Nine months afterwards she has a little one, inheritor of more or less of the acrid humors in his father's blood, and of the admixtures in his mother's; but that concerns the Faculty. Having once made this sacrifice to nature, and given her husband an heir, she declares to him that she does not wish to repeat it, at least for some time to come. The husband does not object: what matter to him, so that he can enjoy the pleasures that precede paternity without the annoyances that follow it? He consents. The child is confided to the care of a Russian or Burgundian nurse; and if madame the mother is a creature of the senses, she becomes the legal mistress of her husband. He desires to be loved: he is so. Thus she puts him under her petticoats and under her slipper. She rules him, annihilates him, dissolves him, which, indeed, was not difficult, and he depraves her in practice, which was quite as easy, half the work being already done in theory. If she be without sensual feeling, she keeps him at as great a distance as possible, or submits to his embrace half asleep, yet quite on the watch. She hums the tune which he sings, and lets him crack his voice alone.

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## THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

During this time she has entered upon the condition of the woman of the world,—one of the most grotesque and unwholesome avatars of woman among civilized peoples. She buys a little more hair, she paints, she dyes, she powders, according to the period and the fashion, she uncovers her bosom, her dress is very low in the back and very open under the arm. Her breast, which she denied to her infant, serves now to regale the eye, displayed in a corset of satin, where all the world can feast its sight; touch is, as yet, forbidden to the fingers. It is the open bowl of temptations, it is the money-box of compliments; you may make her as many as you please on it, with words more covered than the object itself. For the rest, she knows nothing, reads nothing, understands nothing, and speaks of everything in little round phrases, hollow and empty, before which all the mock-men are in ecstasies of admiration, like children before the man who sells red balloons.

In the midst of all this, the child—boy or girl, as it may be—passes from the nurse to the tutor or governess, to the convent or the college, and is seen for an hour a day, or once a week. In fine, whether it be that monsieur the husband has got to the end of his *répertoire*, or that he loses his memory in the middle of his flourishes, or that he has not been able yet to produce any effect with all his efforts, it somehow always happens that madame begins to think that she requires a more interesting and more exciting melodrama; that she is tired of her ordinary come-

dian, and that she would like to pay a visit or two to the smaller theatres.

## THE WIFE'S LOVER.

Then it is that the inevitable catastrophe that she has been hatching for some time bursts the shell, and the young lover jumps out,—his heart in his mouth, and the calf of his leg well displayed,—to double the leading character. She studies and rehearses for a fortnight, daily, the attitude in which she will fall; and she falls, at last, in the midst of such a heap of silk, muslin, and lace that she does not perceive the mischief she is doing and suffering. Thus everything has passed in the most proper form, with all the unspoken conventions that education teaches to people of quality. The lovers will look at each other in a certain way, will write to each other in a certain manner, and the thing is complete. Briefly, she has a lover. Some hundred years ago he would have been a gentleman, with sword on hip, a courtier, a friend of the king, witty and brave, saying to the English at Fontenoy, "Fire, gentlemen," and wearing a perfumed and powdered wig at Dettingen. Sixty years ago he would have been a gallant, not quite so high-born indeed, but with a chest of iron, muscles of brass, and a fist of steel, swimming across the Po, the Elbe, and the Beresina, that he might not smell of gunpowder when he should meet his sweetheart. Thirty years ago he would have been dark, gloomy, pale man, with black hair, an adorer of Lord Byron, successor of Lara, for some time reatened with consumption, dreaming of death in



the arms of his mistress (as imaginary sometimes as his disease), making verses to her as he paces the woods and the fields, but still believing in something (if it be only in doubt), and returning to the Elmira of his imagination, or of real life, all perfumed with the odor of acacias and lime-trees.

The lover of to-day is just what you can pick up. The thing has no wit, no muscles, no illusions. It rides round the lake, it goes to the ring, and to *L'œil crevé*. It has a touch of the manikin, the gambler, the horse-jockey; it smells of patchouli, cigars, wine, and the stable. Well, what can be done? Times are hard, and it is the best that can be had. No matter, madame tires of it all the same: that was not what she wanted. It lacks even a husband's qualifications, and is much less convenient. After having dragged this coxcomb for a season to the waters which her husband's health requires, she sends him back to the *corps de ballet* of the *Opera* or *the Follies*, where he boasts that he has had Madame *such a one*, but that he quitted her because she is too thin.

As to the lady alluded to, either *sensation* has become indispensable to her, and she absolutely must regain it, or it has remained unknown to her, and she must therefore seek to find it. It is then that she takes a second lover. Oh, this second! The subject is a poem in itself.\*

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\* These sketches of the "gallantries," as they are called in France, of a married woman, though perhaps true in some instances, must not be received as illustrating a general condition of Parisian society. There is no doubt that "gallantry" has there much more license than

This time she will put herself to somewhat more trouble, but she will have her reward in comfort. She will go to his rooms, or to a hotel, or to a friend's house, to be more at ease. This second one, besides, will have been better chosen. She has seen him, perhaps, at hunting-parties in the autumn, keep his saddle for ten hours and dance from night till morning. He has red ears, high shoulders, and a thick beard. Farewell the temple! farewell the hearth! they were but store-houses. Behold her now *of the*

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is consistent with a wholesome state of morals; coquetry and gallantry have indeed been cultivated there as fine arts, and are allowed great latitude when adorned by beauty and accomplishments, surrounded with an elegant grace and luxury, and conducted with a certain regard for appearances. But the generalization of the satirist must not lead us to think that female virtue is dead in France, or that wifely fidelity is either unknown or unhonored. There are in France probably as many honest, good, faithful wives as elsewhere; who perfectly fulfill their duty to husband and children on the highest principles of religion and virtue. That there are many *dames galantes*, women whose lives are passed in the excitement of new loves, new lovers, and new sensations, is also true. The reign of Louis XIV. made gallantry (to use the euphemism for elegant licentiousness) fashionable at court, and consequently in society generally, which apes the vices as well as the habits of the court: the reign of Louis XV., with his Madame du Barry and his *Parc aux Cerfs*, vulgarized and utterly sensualized gallantry, converting it into gross dissoluteness: and the Revolution, which in Louis XVI.'s time was the retribution for the vices and extravagances of the court and the aristocracy of former days, raised up a new style of women, women of enthusiastic dispositions, and of independent but ill-regulated minds, who carried the principles of political liberty into love and marriage, and practically proclaimed the *freedom of women*. Subsequent revolutions and changes in France, social and political, have all tended to unsettle fixed laws of morality, and to increase laxity in female virtue.—ED.

*street*; if not socially, at least morally on a level with those who flaunt it openly on foot or in brougham. To the second lover the married woman is not involuntarily attracted: she willingly seeks her fall. It can no longer be called love; it can only be called politely gallantry: at the bottom it is libertinism, submitting deliberately time after time, like prostitution, to ignoble devices and precautions, under pain of scandal, of abortion, or infanticide.

It is done (and nothing can be more sad)! the name of the wife, the mother, shall pass from mouth to mouth like a bird from branch to branch. It misses the tree sometimes, and falls, with open bill, into the husband's ear, in spite of the trellis with which that has been skillfully covered up. Most frequently the husband tears his hair in astonishment and despair. But then he has been long subdued: there is a child fast growing up; there are considerations of the world, effects of education: silence! The poor fool suffers, nevertheless. Sometimes it kills him on the spot. He believed himself loved all the time: he had proof of it every day, the very evening before! . . . Who would ever have dreamt of such a thing? The woman bows her head, she weeps, she promises, and begins again. And to think that if, the day after her marriage, on the first light breach or attempted breach of wifely duty this woman permitted herself, the husband had administered the same correction that her descent from savage or mountebank ancestors warranted, she would have said, "Ha! this is a man!" and she would have adored him. On how little sometimes depends the happiness of a household!

But the husband who has not had this flash of genius, and who, quite different from Rachel, desires only to be consoled for the undeserved misfortune which has fallen on him; for he does not see anything to reproach himself with, not he; the husband who has contracted habits of which he cannot break himself (and he says to his wife that henceforth there is an end of everything between him and her), the husband takes a journey, seeks to amuse himself, and finally falls in with Florinda or Pamela, who tells him her story, and to whom he relates his misfortune; she gains upon his heart, and he grieves that he had not met her before when he was free. He might have married her, perhaps. She is the woman of whom he has dreamed. In proof of which he leaves with her part of the fortune of the little fellow who is daily growing up to manhood, and whom Pamela undertakes to initiate at the same time that she puts the finishing stroke to the father. The latter makes an essay in the politics of his department, finds that rather dull work, and takes to aphrodisiacs; soon his legs no longer obey his will, he dries up, ankylosis seizes his joints, he is paralyzed, his brain softens, he dies, and so good-by to him!

His wife continues to be a woman of the world, takes a second husband, and affects to be devout.

You will doubtless remark to me, monsieur, that I take my pictures from the higher classes only; to which I reply that the example given by the higher classes will be followed by the lower. When you see wine at the top of the bottle, you may be sure there is some at the bottom.

This, then, is the ordinary *dénouement*; lucky when all is thus settled as in a comedy. But sometimes things have a worse ending, and it may happen that the injured husband, like the sire of Framboisy, grows red with anger, wants refined education, will have a separation, sues for a divorce, or unsheathes his great sabre, kills his wife or her lover or both together, and sometimes himself into the bargain. Hence spring catastrophes like that which has recently excited the capital; large cities, from out all these adventures, only seeking the motive of strong excitement, frequent and brief. Hence discussions without number, theories without end, in which some take the woman's part, some the man's; the majority side with the woman. Love-sins are so charming! And then to kill a woman, a poor little thing, defenseless and without her clothes! Some write articles on the subject,—too short, monsieur, when they resemble yours; others reply in letters too long, like this of *miné*, which, after all, end in nothing: and for the thousandth time are brought on the carpet these two questions: The education of woman, and divorce.

#### EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

The *femininists* (excuse this neologism) say, with perfectly good intentions, too:

All the evil rises from the fact that we will not allow that woman is the equal of man, and that we ought to give her the same education and the same rights as man has; man takes an unfair advantage of his strength, etc. You know the rest.

We will take leave to reply to the *femininists* that

what they say has no sense in it. Woman is not an equal, that is, a like value, superior or inferior, to man; she is a value of another kind, just as she is a being of another form and of a different function. The proof that she is not so strong as man is that she is always complaining that man is stronger than she. Now, if nature has given strength to man, it is that he should use it, as he ought to make use of all the gifts which he has received for the work he has to do. In fact, one of the first uses that the masculine has put his strength to has been to shut up and subordinate the feminine as much as possible, having need of her in certain cases, and having perceived that it costs him dear when she is at liberty, even in a paradise. We have seen before, on the other hand, with what arms nature has endowed the female in order that she may recover by custom what is denied to her by law. *The strong men* who have established society must have thought it necessary to subject the woman to a special legislation by reason of the particular and, it must be added, the inferior function to which nature had already condemned her. It was necessary to put this law and this function in harmony: that is what men have tried their best to do according to the knowledge they had of this particular being; and it seems to me that they have been nearly right, since we find those women the most respected, the worthiest, and the happiest, who loyally accept this legal interpretation of nature and society. Such women never complain, never rebel. It is not, then, because we give to woman the education which she now receives that she is what she is; it is because

she is what she is that we give her that education : and when she asks to frame laws, to command armies, and to conduct locomotives, she is as ridiculous as the stronger sex would be if it insisted on wearing chignons, showing its shoulders, and suckling babies. The attempt to unite the two natures in one would be hermaphrodism, which is male and female impotence.

We have, then, each of us our function to fulfill, as we must each preserve our distinct form ; love being at hand to fuse together these different forms and to draw from this fusion the result which God designed, —a child ; after which each resumes his or her particular function without becoming indifferent to the destiny which has become common to both.

That there are men who take an unfair advantage of the weakness of women is evident ; and there are also women who impose on the stupidity of men. This has to do with the value of individuals, and not with the value of species. God all-powerful, man mediator, woman auxiliary ; this is the triangle. Man can do nothing without God, woman can do nothing without man ; this is the truth, eternal, absolute, impregnable. It is not, therefore, woman's education that we must alter, but man's. When man shall perfectly understand why he is on the earth, woman will learn at once why she owes submission to man. The point is not to give to woman more liberty and more rights than she has ; she can make no other use of them than to constitute herself the legal and social adversary of man, a contest from which man would issue victor, since he is the crea-

ture of strength. The point is to teach man, and, if he refuse, to force him, to do his duty towards woman. That which woman, the creature of form, of subordination, and of help, has the right, the imprescriptible right, to demand of man—the being whose office is mediation, initiation, movement—is to initiate her in what God says to him, to assure to her her full terrestrial value, and to associate her with his eternal destiny. So long as man shall neglect this duty he shall impose none on woman. He will no longer be her head, he will be her enemy, and she will avenge herself on him, *individually*, by all possible means, and he will have no right to complain. And then, not having known how to guide her, he shall see whether she can lead him.

## DIVORCE.

Now, if we pass from the means which would prevent conjugal catastrophes to those which may repair them, we come naturally to the question of divorce.

It is evident, in the actual state of society, that divorce, in a multitude of cases, has become almost indispensable, and that it is better to establish divorce in law than to be forced to admit murder in practice. Divorce has the great advantage, besides, of liberating completely persons and interests, to throw into blank the moral no-values, and to give to real values their rate, their circulation, and their power of increase. Nor is that all: divorce suppresses one of the principal causes of, and in all cases the sole ex-



cuse for, adultery. With divorce, there is no longer an eternal bond between incompatibilities of disposition, and the old excuse, "I took a lover because my husband deceived me, ruined me, beat me, made money of me, abandoned me,"—this argument of the adulteress,—falls dead to the ground.

Up to this, we have spoken only of the adulteress, and we may appear to admit that all the wrong is on the woman's side. Far from us such a thought! For a hundred guilty women there are eighty who are so through the fault of their husbands, who chose them ill at first, who have perverted this admirable institution of marriage from its true end, and who have not been able to make their companion understand either its grandeur or its joys; but it must also be admitted that adultery by the man has never the importance, and never can have all the consequences, of the same crime by the woman. In reality, marriage is entirely in favor of the woman; and therefore it is that the law, after having armed him with all those famous preventive rights of which woman complains so much, and which enable her to take the attitude of a martyr in the eyes of the superficial and tender, afterwards in case of flagrant offenses pardons any excess of rage in the injured husband; which the same law would equally pardon the woman wronged in the same manner.'

The seraglio, the harem, the convent, certain articles of the Code, certain laws of society, coupled with dishonor on those who seek to evade them, such are the precautions that man has devised almost universally. The reason is, we repeat, marriage in its legal

and regular constitution is entirely to the advantage of women. See all that they gain in it over and above the realization of the natural vow. They gain the liberty of seeing, of making acquaintances, of going and coming, which, as young girls, they had not; they change their name in marriage: that is, it is no longer their own family, it is no longer themselves, on whom they bring ridicule or dishonor when they deceive their husband: it is their husband; and when this husband says nothing, the world says nothing either. He alone is responsible, and the day on which he makes the discovery he must either risk his life for the fault of his wife, or he must expose himself to be laughed at to his face before a court of justice.

In return, the deceived woman is never the subject of ridicule, but always of pity, and if she pardons without seeking revenge she becomes heroic. In fine, if she avenge herself afterwards,—or *before*, with a little foresight,—with the simple proof of cohabitation she imposes on her husband by law the children conceived by her outside of marriage. Let a man be ever so cunning, let him be M. de Talleyrand and M. de Bismarck in one, he can never do his wife *that* injury. The child that he may beget outside his home remains outside; and the case was admirably summed up by a certain princess, I forget whom, when she said to her noble lord and master, "*I can make princes without you, but you cannot make them without me.*"

It is this great, this unheard-of, this unjust advantage, which has excused the murder of a wife taken in the fact; and this fact must have taken place under

the conjugal roof, and the husband must have surprised the parties without having laid a plot to do so. In this case, and when the husband surprises the wife in a situation reserved for marriage alone, and slays her, he has the right to say to his judges, "I did not kill the woman merely in rage, in jealousy, through pride, through love: I killed her to stifle in her the germ of a child that she was going to impose on my confidence, on my affection, on my caresses, on my labor, on my legitimate children, on my name, and on all the descendants of my name;" and human justice is compelled to silence.

Would it not be better in this case, and in other well-established and clear cases, to authorize, even to require, divorce? The husband, accompanied by a magistrate, would prove the crime, and, if not without anger, at least without murder, would say to the law, "Here is a woman who does not love me, who loves this gentleman whom you see there in his shirt, and is loved by him, for they are taking the way to give or promise life to a third individual, in whom they will re-live, and whom also they will probably love. Rid me of madame, and rid her of me. Let her marry her lover, that they may legitimize their offspring; that will be much better than to force me to kill madame, her lover, and the germ in question, who, in his quality of love-child, will probably be a great man, like D'Alembert or the handsome Dunois."

Does separation do that? No; separation separates, that is all; it does not *free*. It does not break the chain; it makes it longer, and, by consequence, heavier. From a distance, but forever, it rivets the

innocent to the fault of the guilty; it does away with the half of a man's self, without allowing him to take another. It condemns two, the guilty and the victim, to the same penalty, celibacy and sterility; and if they break their ban (unless, indeed, they carry always in their pocket *Malthus's Essay on Population*), it condemns the children that shall spring from them, and who are perfectly innocent, poor things, to this: *further and mother unknown*; destined, perhaps, to be the shame and grief of their life. Such are some of the reasons, excellent reasons too, urged by the advocates for divorce, to which the adversaries of such a law reply:

“ In the first place, and above all, we do not admit that marriage is merely a union of two interests, two fancies, or even of two loves; it is the alliance, the eternal communion, of two souls, and it ought, therefore, to be indissoluble. It is the most serious act of life, since it involves eternity in heaven by the marriage-vow on earth, by descent and inheritance. Thus, up to the very last moment, it is within your power to say *No*. No one is married by force. Consequently, take counsel with yourself, reflect upon it as much as you please,—all your life, if you choose; but you know, you are well forewarned, that once you shall have said *Yes*, death alone can free you from your engagement. If you have made a mistake, so much the worse for you. All that we can do is to separate your persons, and no longer to leave you civilly bound one to and for the other, and that, too, only in certain specified cases. So, marry well, or do not marry at all.

## PATERNAL LOVE.

“As to the children that you may have, on one side or the other, once you are separated from each other, it is not our business either to provide for them or to become bound for them; our sole affair is with those that we authorized you to have together, when you freely engaged yourselves before us to remain forever united. They are the only ones we take note of. What will become of them on a divorce, which shall give father and mother absolute liberty? Which of the two shall take charge of them? On which of the two shall we impose them?—To the best conducted? But if the best conducted be just the one who has no means of livelihood?—To the one in the easiest circumstances? But suppose that one is just the immoral one of the two?—Let the State take charge of them, then, levying on the property of the two divorced parties the means of providing for the education of these children? But suppose neither of the two has anything?—There will remain paternal or maternal love to settle the question. Alas! the paternal and maternal sentiment is very like all great sentiments, which require great perseverance and great sacrifices; they are very rare,—the paternal sentiment especially: otherwise, how will you explain the thirty per cent. of natural children, not counting self-imposed sterilities, abortions, and known infanticides, and the eighty per cent. mortality of the nurslings confided to chance nurses, who carry them off far into the country, and there, without a care on

the part of the parents, stuff them with a wretched soup, of which the poor little ones make up their minds to die, as if they understood at once that it is the best thing left for them to do? No doubt love paternal and maternal does exist, and when it does it has a divine merit; but it is not so common as people believe, and, above all, as people say. Nature knows this well enough: that is why she has placed the burden afterwards and the pleasure first. Judge, from the number of persons who will take only the pleasure without the burden, how many would have accepted the burden without the pleasure, or with only the chance of family joys. Do you think that the man and the woman who give themselves up to love, without having given each other that proof of esteem which is called marriage,—do you think that this man and this woman, who run the chance of giving life to a creature who will have neither legitimate and responsible father nor mother, have the paternal or maternal sentiment developed in them? Do you think that that man and that woman who marry from calculation, from chance meeting, from custom, from love even, think much of the child that is to spring from their marriage, and which is rather a consequence than an end, unless it be a means of assuring material interests and carrying schemes into effect? Do you think, in fine, that that man who deserts the conjugal hearth for dissolute intrigue, and that woman who trusts her baby to a neighbor or a servant in order to have time to gad up and down, are very fond of their children? No, no! Humanity is capable of good sentiments, but, in

general, she must be forced to have them, and if we do not impose on her certain duties, she will desert them too easily, even those of which she is most proud. Marriage is one of our last means of enforcing morality. Let us not weaken it. The more men and women see that it is an irrevocable act, the more they will habituate themselves to doing it seriously."

All this is true, on both sides. When it is the Church that speaks in the language just quoted, we understand it. The Church neither can nor ought to permit divorce, marriage being in her eyes the union of souls, always excepting the case of adultery, provided for by Moses, and explicitly excepted by Jesus (Matt. v. 32). But when it is the laic law which speaks thus, we cannot admit its implacability; and by this laic law, which rules among us, a morally religious marriage has no value without its sanction.\* Now, this common law of laymen interests itself only with the social and earthly interests of man, which it has taken upon itself to maintain in equilibrium between his duty and his right. Marriage is, in the eye of the law, only a convention, like any other, a synallagmatic contract, in which the parties engage themselves mutually and equally, and which it is the province of the law to break when one of the parties proves that

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\* In France, by the Code, marriage is regarded as merely a civil contract, with which religion and the priest have not necessarily any concern. Any one who wishes may have the marriage ceremony performed in a church, before a priest, but that ceremony will not be valid before the law, unless it also takes place, with the proper forms, before the civil magistrate.—ED.

the other has withdrawn himself or herself from engagements taken with open eyes and full premeditation. The law interferes always in the interest of infants, who are the consequence of this contract, and who, by their entrance on the scene, give that contract quite a peculiar character. Be it so; but when there are no children? Then the argument fails; and when the child is the very proof and the evidence of the crime, what is the effect of the intervention of the child?

## INJUSTICE OF THE LAW.

Take the example of an honorable and industrious young man (I am not now imagining a case, but citing facts, and well-known facts), who becomes acquainted with a young girl surrounded by a most honorable and respected family, according to general assent. This young girl pleases the young man, he asks her hand, he marries her. The lady is two months in the family way by a lackey! The virtuous family, who knew it perfectly well, have placed her progeniture and all her issue legally on the back of a fine young fellow, who believed in the word of honor of father and mother. He appeals to the law, which replies to him, "We will make an act of disavowal of paternity, and separate you from this wretched woman." — "Then I can marry another?" — "No: never before she die." — "And if she outlive me?" — "Then you will not be re-married, that's all." — "And suppose I wish to love, and to have children to bear my name?" — "Impossible." — "But I have done no wrong." — "So



much the harder on you." — "It is abominable!" — "It is the law."

Or, take the case of a young girl of irreproachable character, who becomes acquainted in society with a young man who has, to use the common phrase, the best recommendation. This young man is allowed to pay his addresses; he is accepted. The contract is signed, the marriage takes place. An hour after quitting the church, before the end of the repast, the young man goes out; he is never seen again. He has gone off, carrying with him the girl's dowry, and leaving behind a virgin-wife, a ruined woman. She appeals to the law; which replies to her, "It is true, madame, you have married a rogue." — "Well, give me back my liberty." — "No." — "What am I to do?" — "Wait." — "For what?" — "His return." — "And if he do not return?" — "Wait for his death." — "And if he do not die?" — "So much the worse for you!" — "And if I love another man?" — "You will be dishonored." — "And if I have children? for, after all, I was born to be a mother." — "They will be bastards." — "It is abominable; for, after all, I am innocent." — "Just so!"

"But," the law might add, "we have found extenuating circumstances for incendiaries, assassins, and parricides; and on certain anniversaries, when they have conducted themselves well for a certain time, we give them liberty."

"Complete?"

"Complete."

Now, truly, that husband thus duped by that

family, that woman thus robbed and abandoned by that scoundrel, are both in the right: it is abominable!

GENESIS; according to DUMAS (films).

Whilst I am writing this letter, the trial of Monsieur Dubourg has begun before the assizes of the Seine. It is this event which has given rise to your letter and this reply. Suppose, my dear sir, we take the indictment, fold it in four, roll it round a hazel-wand, tying it with a black ribbon, and plant it at this point of our discourse as a landmark by which to retrace our steps when we wish to get back from where we are going? For I now intend to take you back rather far,—even to the creation of the world. Don't laugh, I am serious; but do not be alarmed: it will not be so long or so tiresome as one might suppose. Let us start.

#### AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.

We accept the Bible, do we not? If the book is not in the eye of science irrefutable as a historic tradition, it is at least the book which goes back the farthest; it is the most *one*, and, at all events as a moral, a religious tradition, as a tradition of man and woman in their relations to God and nature, it is the most complete. Myself a man, I seek out myself at the sources consecrated and accepted by man.

God forms man of a handful of clay; he breathes into him a soul, mouth to mouth: he makes him male and female in a single body; that is to say, he endows him at once with intelligence and sentiment,

and gives him the power of continuing his race. He orders him to increase and multiply. Man thus makes an integral and paramount constituent of the creation: in form, in mind, and in destiny, he is directly correlative to his Creator. If God creates man, it is evidently because he stands in need of an intermediary between his power and the newly-created earth, for ends which, as yet, he does not reveal. At the same time, God sees that man is not sufficient, and, for the first time since the commencement of his work, he says, "*That is not good: man must not be alone: I will make him a helpmeet like unto himself.*"

God then eliminates the female element of the male, and not now from the earth, but from the very substance of man, he produces a new human effigy, which is woman. These are the two beings which, born the one of the other, are destined to tend eternally to the formation of but one and the same person for one and the same end.

Woman, however, while she is more beautiful in form and of finer material than man, since she is moulded of a substance twice wrought on by God, is nevertheless of a less exalted origin; since she did not receive the divine breath, shares only that which Adam received, and was called into being only as the aid and complement of man. She is thus only second in order of creation; and man, created before her, retains his place between her and the Creator. It is not to her that God gave Eden and its animals; it is not she who was charged to increase and multiply; it is not she whom he forbade to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. She has of herself

neither power, nor individual movement, nor responsibility. Between these three terms from which she proceeds,—God, Man, Earth,—she *is*, that is all; and she waits. Which of the three shall appropriate her to himself?

The serpent enters on the scene. He represents Earth, from which she springs, in all its basest and darkest attributes. He is the impersonation of instinct, of the animal powers. And yet it is only in the name of the ideal that he attempts to degrade woman, because he knows her to be animated by a portion of the divine breath which penetrated man. He counsels her to make the man eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; that is, to possess themselves of all of the divine intelligence, which they have as yet but in a limited measure, and thus to make themselves equal to God from whom they emanate, the man by first inspiration, she by secondary reflection.

Now, as it is not Eve personally, we repeat, whom God forbade to touch the fruit that the serpent invites her to gather, she will have the right to say, for the first time, what so many of her sex will repeat so often through the ages, when they shall be taken in a fault: "*I did not know.*"

So, when God shall learn the sin, the man will accuse the woman, who brought him the tempting fruit, the woman will accuse the serpent, who showed it to her.

What is the first consequence of this knowledge of good and evil that they have just attained to?

The first effect is to initiate the two first creatures

into the secret of human creation, which God has not yet taught them ; for he duplicated Adam during his sleep, without the man's having the slightest conscious part in this product of his flesh. The secret of joint procreation, which God reserved for a fit opportunity for its manifestation, is then divulged to them suddenly ; and from the first mouthful of the fruit, the desire to use this divine privilege runs in their veins. This explains why, when God called them, *they saw that they were naked and of different forms ;* and why they covered with leaves those parts of their bodies which, in spite of themselves, betrayed their irresistible temptation, and their immediate yielding to it. For the crime of voluntary reproduction, this crime of human intrenchment on the divine prerogatives, has not yet been committed. It will not be committed till after the expulsion from Eden. At the point at which we now are, there are only disobedience and desire.

That is enough. The supreme order has been misunderstood ; and then (this is a very grave and important circumstance to take note of), after God has condemned the serpent to creep eternally on the earth ; after he has imposed on woman the pains of childbirth,—that is to say, the giving form to beings ; after he has inflicted on man the fatigues of labor,—that is to say, the putting things into action,—he drives Adam out of Eden. Why ? Because he has eaten of the forbidden fruit ? No ; that is only the second reason. The first is, *because he has listened to the voice of the woman*. In other words, the voice says, The only voice that man should listen to is the

voice of God, his sole master, the voice which comes from on high. Every other voice can come but from creatures issued from or dependent on him, consequently inferior to him; and every other voice coming from below will only address itself, whatever promises it may make, to the inferior part of his being, that part which he instinctively concealed because it assimilated him to the beast.

Man is driven out; he takes woman with him,—that helpmeet with which he can no longer dispense, and which is the flesh of his flesh, and the bone of his bone. He carries with him the secret of good and evil, the secret of the creation, or rather of the procreation, of his kind. He does not possess the secret of eternal life, for he had not time to touch the tree of life. He will die, then, but he will leave copies of himself.

The eternity lost by the individual is regained by the species. Humanity shall take the place of man.

Behold Adam and Eve out of Eden, confronted by the earth, vast, desert, uncultivated, hostile. It is then—and the Bible is very explicit on this subject—it is then, and only then, that they make use in full freedom of the secret which the tree of knowledge of good and evil has taught them, and that, far from the eye of God, Adam knows Eve, according to the expression of the sacred volume.

#### THE FIRST-BORN.

The first-born of Adam and Eve is Cain, the child of disobedience, of temptation, of curiosity, of sorrow.

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Physiological succession commences; and yet Eve, in spite of the part which is attributed to her in the knowledge of good and evil, has no presentiment of it, for she cries out, in giving birth to Cain, "I have acquired a man through the Eternal."

All woman, all the second woman, the woman of *the hearth* that we have before described, is in that saying. Scarcely has she seduced man, scarcely has she conceived by him, scarcely is she a mother, than she aspires, having accomplished her terrestrial function, and disengages herself from the male, the formal intermediary, who now appears to her as only instrumental and accessory; and from the fact that she has contributed her flesh and her blood to the formation of the first being, she aims to place herself above the hierarchic creation, as it existed before her, in the very principle of all things,—in fact, common with God. The struggle of the masculine and the feminine is thus decidedly emphasized from the very beginning of the traditional, physiological, and psychological history of the world.

Starting from this moment, the woman-mother is a fixed and understood fact. Impelled by the animal instinct within her, by the power of ideality in her heart and of curiosity in her mind, she invites the man, receives him in form, absorbs him in essence, rewards him with a sensation that she shares more or less, recovers herself forthwith, raises herself up even to her God, eliminates, suppresses the intermediary till nature shall again appeal to her, and, in short, declares herself superior to man by her form, by her sentiment, by her function, by her utility, and,

we must also add, by the subjection of man himself to the sensation which he finds in her.

Such is the mother, whether it be Cain or Abel that she brings into the world; such is the true mother; such is our mother when we summon up her image in our love and our respect. We separate her then completely in our minds from the man who is our father, and we should regard it as sacrilegious and incestuous to represent her to ourselves as an accomplice in the fact to which we owe our being. We enshroud her then with a mystery in which she has a right in fact to believe, and to call herself in direct relation with God; for man is only admitted into it for a minute. That is not all. Nothing gives note to the man that he will be a father. It is the woman who receives the first intelligence of it by a secret internal communication from nature, and it is she who announces it to the man, now passive in his turn.

Admirable evolution of the creative germ, deposited by God, transmitted by man, received by woman, restored by her to the exterior world under its planetary form till God shall resume it into his eternal harmonies, after that last metamorphosis which we call death, a new germ for a new state! And during this evolution, this germ invisible to the naked eye has created not only an infant, male or female, but mother, father, man, life, thought, movement, love, good, and evil! Simply accept the fact and admire; that is the best thing we can do.

Man then will have to regain everything: Eden that he lost by the woman, woman who steals away



from him under maternity, the child which is subtracted from him by the mother. It is by this triple moral conquest that he shall prove his manhood, constitute himself father, reinstate everything in its place according to the views of Providence, and force the acknowledgment of what he is, the conscient mediator between God and creation, which is subject to him.

The Lord, who had established natural laws, which he purposed to make known to Adam, if Adam had not been false to his trust, laws which man has since been forced to learn one by one,—and without the help of woman,—the Lord immediately punished the fault of Eve by one of those laws. The child, who she thought was the direct gift of the Lord, the Lord cursed. Cain, first-born of the double temptation and the double sin of father and mother, must necessarily fall into crime. Hereditary fatalities make their appearance. The dogma of original sin is nothing else than a physiological law. Cain kills Abel, in whose birth the serpent had no part. The creature of instinct kills the creature of the ideal, who is gathered to the Lord to be restored to the earth under the name of Seth. It is then that Eve may say, “I have gained a man by the Lord;” but she will no longer dare to say so. She distrusts herself, she is subjected, she is brought back to duty, and she becomes then truly mother of the children of God.

#### THE RACE OF CAIN.

Cain, marked with a sign, goes out from the first family; he wanders a vagabond, and arrives finally

in the land of Nod. Where is this land? No one has ever been able to say. He knows his wife. What wife? No one knows, for, as we gather from the Bible, there was yet only one woman upon the earth, Eve. What does that mean? It means that Cain is in that which is not, and that he generates that which ought not to be.\*

What is this humanity, hitherto unnamed, mysterious, outside the law, amidst which Cain and his descendants find the females whom they need to perpetuate the traditions of evil? Is it a power from below, equal and hostile to God, that raises up this bastard horde against the chosen people? Or, indeed, have the animals disobeyed like the man and woman? Have they eaten of *the grass of good and evil*, and, attempting a creation which was interdicted to them, have they succeeded in giving birth to those semblances of man which are called apes? Cain, the murderer, the accursed, the fugitive, the first man whose hands were stained with blood, did he content himself with a baboon for his first love,—as monstrous perhaps as his first hate,—and in this admixture did that which remained to him of his superior type, and which could not be taken from him, predominate? For, after all, Cain was the issue of that which was the issue of God. It is possible, therefore, that the germ of pure humanity which he plants in this inferior medium, which has reached its culminating point and is incapable, unaided, of raising itself

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\* This is a literal rendering of the author's words,—*que Cain est dans ce qui n'est pas, et qu'il féconde ce qui ne doit pas être.*—ED.

higher, rectifies the beings that succeed, and gives them all the appearances of the more elevated type, except the soul; which this progenitor under a curse cannot transmit, since he no longer contains it.\* There would result from this a humanity purely animal, having for mother the female baboon, from which certain modern savants persist in tracing their descent, while we, who are not of the same opinion, would descend naturally from Eve. This is possible. Certain it is that the anthropomorphous apes do set about to multiply to such an extent that they soon cover the earth, and their progeny attain to such beauty, physically, that certain sons of the real men become attracted by their daughters, improved baboons. Thus the admixture continues, threatening either to lower the children of God or to elevate the race of Cain. Then the Lord opens the cataracts

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\* This possible hypothesis, put forward by M. Dumas fils, involving the idea that Cain, under his curse, had forfeited the distinguishing mark of his high descent, the privilege of humanity alone,—a *soul*,—is, of course, entirely fanciful; and the whole of the hypothetical genesis of a brutal race is without authority of Scripture or tradition. It is one of the wild and extravagant excrescences upon the Darwinian theory, which that theory, however, by no means gives sanction to or suggests. This origin of the race of Cain is sheer invention of Dumas fils; he must have conceived it in a nightmare sleep after a heavy supper or a long literary vigil. The simple words of the Bible are:

“And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.

“And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden.

“And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived, and bare Enoch: and he builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch.—GEN. iv. 15, 16, 17

of heaven and drowns all living men and women, except Noah, his three sons, and their three wives. The first, the true, the only family approved by God, is saved, with the animals which are to be eternally subject to it, selected and gathered into the ark, a second Eve, floating on the avenging waters. And, as that which has once been cannot ever cease to be under one form or another, the Cain-itic germ reproduces itself in Ham, who, the land being recovered and alliance made, will outrage his father and be accursed and driven forth in his turn. It is from him that will descend the race which will be and continue to be the most difficult to reclaim,—then even when Japheth, the father of our young Europe, sweetly attracted by God, shall have lodged in the tabernacles of Shem,—the old Asia, which is exhausting herself day by day.

Starting from this moment, God, who has promised never again to destroy mankind, contents himself with protecting and instructing his elect. It is there, through the patriarchs, that the human family is to be founded on definitive bases, which none can ever disturb without danger to himself, his race, and others; it is there that the tradition of man through God, with God, and in God, is to be established by Moses in those commandments which shall be the unalterable assizes of wisdom, of morality, in a word, of conscience, that inner Eden of man. During this time, around and in the teeth of this small group, the depositary of the truths of salvation, false civilizations spring up, grow, dazzle, astonish, terrify, grow corrupt, fall to pieces, and vanish, one after the other.

The descendants of him whom Eve thought she gained through God, disunite, cross, and decompose them, proclaiming everywhere and always the illusory reign of free man and the brute triumph of matter

## PAGANISM.

For there is no longer a God, or, rather, each one has his own. Some deify bulbous roots; others, a live ox, or a golden calf; some fire, some water; they bow before a piece of wood; they prostrate themselves before a flint; they slay and prostitute themselves before an image of wood or iron. There is no longer a heaven: there is only an Olympus; and nothing is heard but stories of loves between mortals and goddesses, or between gods and mortal women. There is an incessant going to and fro from Olympus to earth, and from earth to Olympus. Jupiter, the rival, the substitute for the God of Noah, of Abraham, of Jacob, of Joseph, of Moses, of Joshua, of Samuel, of Saul, of David, of Solomon, of Job,—Jupiter transforms himself by turns into a swan, a bull, a shower of gold, just as the lady he favors needs a caressing, a robust, or a generous husband.\* The chaste Diana descends from her silver car to give herself to Endymion behind a cloud; and the wise Minerva does not disdain to compete for the apple with Venus and Juno before the shepherd Paris. A war of ten years is waged for the mistress of this gay youth, and the greatest poet of antiquity,

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\* Allusion to the myths of Leda, Io, and Danaë.

in imperishable verse, sings the woes that spring from it. Socrates dines with Aspasia,—Pericles marries her; the Areopagus acquits Phrynē, because she is beautiful; Praxiteles places her statue in the temple of Delphos, between those of Apollo and Archelaus; the richest Greeks lay by sums of money to afford themselves occasionally the luxury of one of those Corinthian courtesans that Demosthenes bargained for and thought too dear: in fine, the descendants of Cain triumph, from high to low. They are adored; they are glorified; they are deified: seeing which, man, grown mad with excess of power, plainly declares himself God in his turn. He orders a mock thunder for himself, like Caligula, and gives his horse for consul to his subjects, who indeed deserve no better, in virtue of that axiom that nations always have the government they deserve. All this while the empress gives herself up to gladiators in the public places, till such time as her body, which may sometimes have been fatigued, never sated, shall be carted away in a tumbril filled with that peculiar mud which served to mould her race.\*

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\* The author, in this very striking passage, gives a *résumé* of the brutalizing effects of the domination of the race of Cain, as he puts it: Paganism; the licentious amours of gods and goddesses with mortals; the competition of Juno, Venus, and Minerva for the prize of beauty; unveiling their forms before the eyes of Paris, the Trojan shepherd, who was the appointed arbiter and held the apple in his hand; the Trojan war, raised to revenge the Greek Menelaus, whose wife, Helen, Paris stole, celebrated by the great poet Homer; the voluptuous relaxation of morals that raised the courtesan Aspasia to be the friend of Socrates and the wife of the great Pericles; and which, when another courtesan, Phrynē, was accused before the

But already, for nearly seven centuries, has this people, unconscious instruments of Providence, been subjecting, shaking up, exciting, and preparing all the other peoples of the globe more readily to receive the seed from which shall issue a new world. Rome has gone forth, to awake Shem in Asia and in India, Ham in Egypt and Africa, Japheth in Germany, Spain, and Gaul, that they may lend the ear to what God is about to tell them.

#### THE REDEMPTION.

In fact, men have arrived at such a degree of folly, pride, and corruption that all that remains now for God to do is either to exterminate them or to save them. Now, God has promised Noah never again to destroy mankind in a body. The world, then, is not to be destroyed, but saved. In order that his intervention and his will may be incontestable, God is about to invert all the laws of nature in an act the improbability, the apparent impossibility of which has been a stumbling-block to all human reasoning for eighteen centuries.

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Areopagus of corrupting the youth of Athens, caused her enraptured judges to acquit her with acclamation on the mere sight of the entrancing beauty of her naked body; the instances of the Roman Emperor and others who declared themselves gods and decreed themselves divine honors, like Caligula; winding up with the wild and shameless lusts of the Empress Messalina, who retired from the scenes of her debauchery, as the Roman satirist expresses it, "*fatigata non adhuc satiata*:" such is the *résumé* which the author gives of the effects of the Cain-itic reign of animal instincts and the brute force of matter.—Ed.

All of a sudden a woman,—what do I say?—a virgin of sixteen years, repeating, after five thousand years, the original saying of the first woman, cries out, “I have gotten a man through God:” only, this virgin knows very well what she is saying this time. An angel has appeared to her and told her not to be astonished, and that she would conceive by ecstasy, as other women conceive by love. Mary has been chosen among all women to give to the world that Saviour become indispensable, and predicted, besides, by all the prophets of times gone by. Into this new, strange, miraculous creation, alone worthy of the misunderstood God who creates, and of the unknown God who is to be born, not an atom of terrestrial clay enters. The serpent cannot insinuate himself therein,—man even has not been admitted. This time the virgin will not have to regret her lost self, nor the woman to repair her injured form; the mother will be without a flaw:\* she is alone, she is one, and no human form either steals from her her God, or for a moment takes his place with her. Her spouse is there only as the witness—at first the astonished, afterwards the respectful witness—of this immaculate wife. The two sacred states of woman—those which man, if he be not accursed or a fool, will eternally respect, virginity and maternity,—states incompatible till then—are about to make but one, in one sole person, and each in its totality.

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\* “Cette fois la vierge n’aura pas à se regretter, la femme n’aura pas à se reprendre, la mère n’aura pas à se substituer.” (*Original.*)



What touching grace! what daring poetry! what imposing and sweet majesty!

Ah, how far we are now, not only from the gross loves of Olympus and the monstrous procreations of its gods, but even from the curious innocence of Eve and the modest emotion of Rebecca! The imagination of the greatest poets has never conceived anything parallel to this! An Eastern sky, an angel passing, a lily bending, a virgin praying; and the Saviour of the world, the Son of God, is born. This is the triumph of woman in its highest and most ideal expression.

Well, then, He who is born of a virgin, He who will say to the woman of Samaria, "I am the Messiah who has been announced to you;" who will say in the synagogue at Capernaum, "The words that I speak unto you are spirit and life: I am the light of the world;" who will say to the Jews, "I am the beginning of all things, I who speak to you;" who will say, in fine, that word which no human mouth ever dared to say before him, and which no human mouth will dare to contradict, "Which of you can convince me of any sin?"—recall to your mind, sir, the answer he makes the only time that he speaks to her, to that virgin of virgins, to that incomparable mother in whose womb he was divinely engendered:

"There was a marriage feast at Cana in Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there.

"Jesus was also invited to the wedding with his disciples: And the wine failing, the mother of Jesus said to him, They have no wine.

"Jesus answered her, Woman, what is there in

common between you and me? My hour is not yet come.”\*

Who relates this? The most irreproachable witness of the fact, the most submissive disciple of the son, the most tender friend of the mother, he to whom Jesus, dying, confided her,—St. John.

If we limit ourselves to the letter of the text that I have just cited, Jesus will not have the right to say on a later occasion, “Which of you can convince me of any sin?” for the first comer might reply, “Thou hast infringed one of the commandments of God whose son thou callest thyself; thou hast failed in respect to thy mother, and what a mother! None of us to whom thou wishest to teach the Law has such a reproach to make himself.”

What, then, means this haughty and rude speech, upon which, instead of recalling her son to his filial duty and driving him away, as Noah drove out his disrespectful son, Mary, herself recalled to her duty, contents herself with modestly saying to those around her,—

“Do all that he shall say unto you.”\*

This phrase simply signifies that Jesus being the beginning of things, as he said himself, from the moment of his appearance on earth all things should enter into the eternal order established by God; an order which the first man misunderstood and disturbed when he listened to the voice of the first woman, and which, after a misunderstanding of five thousand years, is now to be re-established.

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\* These passages are given in English as the author has given them in French, not according to the authorized version.—Ed.

In this new Eden the serpent must have no hold upon woman; woman must have no influence over man *to make him anticipate his hour*. He alone is judge of the proper moment for his action, and even in the alliance of body and soul which he makes with her for the accomplishment of the will of the Lord, he must subordinate, include her, bind her to himself, but never subjugate her. The divine, the masculine, the feminine, resume their respective lines. Each returns suddenly to its plane, is recalled to its function, is reinstated in its destiny. God remains the all-powerful Principle; man becomes again the supreme mediator; woman recognizes herself as the sovereign and appointed help-meet. Man will listen to no voice but God's, woman to no voice but man's. If the woman listen to the serpent, her fate will be to creep with him; if man listen to the woman, his end will be to die in her.

And for this reason it is that Jesus, God-made man in order that man may regain his God, replies not to the virgin alone but to all womankind, "What is there in common between thee and me? The aid I give is of God my Father alone. I am the mediator, and thou art but my help." And womankind, acknowledging her master, replies humbly by the voice of Mary, "Do all things which he shall say unto you."

## CHRISTIANITY.

And now let those who have ears hear ; let those who have eyes see ! There is no longer room to plead ignorance, nor to cast the responsibility from one to the other, after the master-stroke of divine policy, the birth of Christ.\*

By this admirable biblical tradition I have life in Adam, the earth in Noah, the family in Abraham, the law in Moses, redemption in Jesus, on certain conditions which are neither above my intelligence nor above my strength. The Old Testament manifests me to myself and bestows earth upon me ; the New Testament, comprehending that earth is not sufficient for me, reopens to me the way to heaven.

By the first I know from what God I emanate ; by the second, towards what God I return ; and it is the selfsame one, inexhaustible and infinite in his love, eternal and unchangeable in his will.

A mind like Moses', the greatest that the world has known,—a soul like Jesus', the purest that has ever shone on men,—can they deceive me ? And why should they deceive me ? What could they gain by it ? What interest could they have in it other than that of this miserable humanity, ignorant and astray, for which the first struggled, for which the second died ? And those thousands of martyrs who died with a smile and with songs of praise to this new God, amidst horrible tortures,—what interest had they in

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\* The author's expression here is "*le coup-d'état divin de la naissance du Christ.*"

such a death, except to prove this God suddenly revealed, who satisfied their intelligence, their heart, and their soul, even in tortures endured for him? And I, a new man, who, thanks to them, have no other combats to sustain but those against myself, shall I not have faith in a God thus proclaimed? Shall these great things have been accomplished in vain? So much genius, so much purity, so much virtue, so much courage, so many affirmations of the truth, so many hopes, so many proofs,—all that for nothing? Moses an adventurer! Jesus an impostor! the apostles ambitious men! the martyrs fools! Absurd! Their God is mine, it is He whom I sought, it is He whom I wish! All ye who have combated, who have loved, who have suffered for me, receive me among your number; I too wish to combat, to love, to suffer in my turn for this truth that you have affirmed and established. I see, I know, I believe, I comprehend. I have a master who is God; I have a domain which is the earth; I have a means which is labor; I have an end which is goodness; I have a promise which is heaven; I have a brother who is man; I have a help which is woman! Let us on!

This is the cry of man made Christian.

#### THE AFFAIRE-DUBOURG.

Seven thousand years have passed away since the creation: here we are back again. Let us take its black ribbon from the indictment in the Dubourg trial, and read:

*"Monsieur Le Roy Dubourg married in 1869, at Vil-*

liers, near Vendôme, Denise MacLeod, then aged nineteen years. They both belonged to respectable families.

"Of an affectionate but unequal character, fantastic and even violent, of an ardent and ill-regulated imagination, the young woman needed a wise and firm director.

"Unfortunately, her husband, of an easy disposition and a frank nature, was not capable of exercising a salutary influence over his wife. In addition to this, he was unoccupied; he did not know how to employ his time, etc."\*

Let us stop here: we need not go any further.

You see that this truth,—God all-puissant, man mediator, woman auxiliary—is become a fundamental principle in our civilized societies, and that the first thing that the magistrate does in one of the combats between the masculine and the feminine, when the feminine has been destroyed in its form, its instincts not being conquerable, is to establish these two facts:

The congenital bad tendencies of the woman of respectable family, which education could not modify;

The necessity on the man's part to know how to direct this auxiliary, which has never a self-direction of its own.

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\* Details like these introduced into an indictment for murder will appear very strange and trivial to an American or English reader, accustomed to simpler forms. But the *act of accusation*, as the French call the indictment of a prisoner, contains a history of the antecedents of the accused,—a brief *résumé* of his life, in fact, up to the period of the supposed crime, with many curious psychological suggestions, and running comments that would not be permitted with us in a formal instrument like an indictment.—ED.

Nothing, then, has changed for seven thousand years, and we find ourselves, sir, you and I, in our turn, in face of all those questions which sooner or later confront every man who thinks.

Religion, philosophy, science, literature, history, experience, labor, grief, the observation of our fellows, the examination into things, all the currents of intelligence, of the heart, and of the soul, have deposited in us gold and dirt, a quantity of contradictory notions, dissimilar materials, by the aid of which we must, before we die, if we be really men, establish our conscience. For my part,—I hope it is the same with you, sir,—nothing troubles, nothing oppresses me; my intelligence is well balanced, my heart is in harmony, my soul reposes in trust; and I feel within me, perfectly distinct in their attributes, perfectly accordant towards their end, these three immaterial agents which are my divine portion in this world. Neither ambition, nor pride, nor gold, has the power, the most tyrannic of all powers, to make me say what I do not think, or to prevent me from saying what I do think. I belong to no doctrine, to no sect, to no coterie: in fine, I am free. in the eternal acceptance of the word, and I am conscient. I isolate myself, I wrap myself up in my thoughts, I climb the mountain and I cast my eyes frankly around, above, below, and afar off.

Always the same spectacle.

Below; the cities, noise, earth, men, seeking happiness by every possible means:

Around; nature, regular, fruitful, silent, impassable, of good counsel, veiled but penetrable:

Above ; the heavens, sparkling with secrets, incom-  
mensurable, infinite :

Afar off ; the unknown, where every religion has  
set a promise, or every philosophy has admitted a  
mystery ; and with which the sum total, man, scarcely  
concerns himself till the moment of his entering into  
it. Disengaged from all earthly pre-occupation and  
influence, I am then at the very centre of universal  
life, and the whole creation speaks to me, atom that  
I am, just as it spoke to Noah on Mount Ararat, to  
Moses on Mount Sinai, to Jesus on the Mount of  
Olives, as it speaks to the humblest of mortals who  
is turned to hear and to believe.

ADVICE TO A SON ; LOVE, MARRIAGE, ETC.

Well, sir, if I had a son, the day when he should  
arrive at twenty-one years of age I would lead him  
on to my mountain, and would say to him,—

“Of the exact and positive sciences you already  
know what many men are ignorant of, a crowd of  
things that I myself have never known and never  
shall know, my youth having been too much  
scattered at hazard, and my ripe age having been  
employed in seeking and gathering together the  
pieces, in order to fix the groundwork of my life, to  
recollect and understand myself.\* The treasury of  
knowledge that you have acquired, with a little atten-  
tion, method, and perseverance you will go on increas-  
ing daily. It is your earthly domain ; work it to the  
best advantage in your own way, always bearing in

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\* Vide sketch of the author's life preceding the text.—ED.



view the progress of that humanity of which you are a part. But it is only a domain; and you need a kingdom; and this is not an affair of memory and learning, but of conscience,—that is to say, the knowledge of others and of yourself.

“You are to-day twenty-one years of age. The law, which declares you of full age, and by consequence master of your actions even in contradiction to mine; the law, which from to-day gives you a participation in the destinies of your country, postpones till your twenty-fifth year your absolute right to marry:\* which proves that it regards the management and guidance of a woman as the most difficult of a man’s tasks. I have, then, four years in which to teach you this difficult thing. Let us begin now: if you trust me, a few lines will suffice.

“You know, of course, that you are not composed merely of blood, muscles, nerves, and bones? Of that body which is your visible form and which constitutes your palpable personality, there will assuredly remain nothing one day; and if that were all your possession on earth, you would be inferior to the lion in strength, to the oak in height, to the carp in length of life. You live, then, in some other way than by your organs; and it is in that that your superiority over the rest of creation commences. You think, you understand, you hope, you suffer, you love; fortunately, you do not hate: but, in fine, a thousand impressions re-echo, interlink, combine, and live in another, invisible *you*, which your form, limited itself, contains, without being able to bound.

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\* By the French Code.

“ You are, then, not only in that which is you, but in that which is out of you : you make a part not only of material creation, with which you are in established relation, but of another creation, impalpable in form, which constitutes that world of ideas and sentiments to which we give the name of soul. By this first creation you know yourself equal to all that is born, lives, reproduces itself, and dies around you ; by that second one you feel yourself superior to all that ; called, as in spite of yourself you are, towards the eternal and the infinite, towards the Creator himself, who, in bestowing on you a soul, would have bestowed on you but a useless and dangerous gift, if that soul did not carry with it the need to know and identify itself with him.

“ Now, because you can neither define nor imagine the form of the Creator, shall you conclude that he does not exist? Can you any more define or imagine the form, the seat, the mechanism of your thought, your grief, your memory, your life? It would follow, then, that thought, memory, life, do not exist either ; and that those who say that they think, they remember, they suffer, they live, are fools ; whilst, on the contrary, they only become so when they cease to think, to remember, to suffer, to live this indefinable life. From the moment that a thousand things can be evident in their effects without being evident in their form, the Invisible Creator becomes evident by his formal creation, just as my thought, my grief, my memory, my life, are evidenced by the manifestations which I give of them.

“ If in giving us the mode of existence which is proper to us, the Creator has given us only the senti-

ment, the conviction, without the exact knowledge, of his formal being, it is because that exact knowledge could not be reconciled with the secondary work which we have to accomplish. Knowing God in his integrality, we should not be satisfied to be his servants, we should desire to be his equals. It is just that which, according to tradition, the first man aimed at when he ate in secret the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Humanity has inherited this desire, but it is not agreed upon the means. The means exist nevertheless, and Jesus has given it to us once for all. These are the reasons, my dear boy, why I have educated you in the tradition of the Bible and the morality of the Gospel. I have taught you that there is but one God, whom you are bound to love and to admire; I have explained to you what a father and a mother are, and what you owe them in your heart; I have warned you not to do to others what you would not wish them to do unto you; and I have counseled you, if not to love,—that does not come all at once,—at least to respect your neighbor as yourself, and to aid and succor him to your utmost. You have never taken what was another's, have never broken your word: in fine, if you have been tempted by another's wife, thanks to your labor and your will you have not yielded to the temptation, you have remained chaste, and I behold you firm in faith, robust and virgin in the face of love, and consequently of marriage.

“Now, then, that you clearly know your relations both to the Creator and the creation, now that you have a perfect sense of your earthly mediation, per-

haps you feel in yourself the strength to say to the feminine, 'What is there in common between you and me?' and to consecrate yourself exclusively and in your totality to the love of things which do not perish,—of God, of nature, of humanity, of science, of art. If you have reached that height, my son, I have nothing to say to you; the problem is solved, and I bow before you, not without gratitude to the woman who may have aided me in the work of such a son. But if the superabundance of life contained in you demand to expand itself in another form than your own; if you experience the need of loving and being loved, not only in your heart but through your senses; if you think you can, as so many other men, the greatest and the best, have done, at the risk and peril of joy and grief,—if you think you can reconcile love with your mission of man, never seek for love anywhere but in marriage; it is there only, since there only is esteem. Now, love without esteem cannot go far, or reach high. It is an angel with only one wing.

"You will, however, hear it said around you that a civilized man ought to have known women before his marriage, if it were only to acquire a knowledge of women, and not to come before her whom he espouses, awkward, ridiculous, and disarmed. Those who say this do not speak truth. It is not by physical possession that women are to be learned and known. The more free women out of marriage are with the secrets of their body, the more chary are they of the secrets of their soul. A woman who has a lover has always something to conceal from him. The first

priest you shall meet, if he be intelligent and *chaste*, knows women better after six months' experience of the confessional than Don Juan with his list of a thousand and three. More than this, the women who would let you know them thus would be either women of bad life who would turn you aside from your path, or honest women whom you would turn aside from theirs. The first would teach you only to despise women, the other only to despise yourself. When you meet with a woman, either before or after your marriage, who has fallen, endeavor to raise her; if she be up, never drag her down. There is no more lovely sight than a truly good woman. Gain that, and you know as much on that score as any one in the world.

“Marry, then, no matter in what rank of life, provided she whom you choose for wife be a believer, modest, industrious, sound, and gay without irony. Never marry a girl of a mocking spirit. Raillery, with a woman, is a mark of hell. Know the parents well. Like parents like children, always. Any apparent exception to this rule is only apparent, the result of imperfect observation. Have a care not to impose maternity on your wife; see first that she understand and desire it. Make her useful on many occasions, but always respect her in her form; never glorify her except in her worth as spouse and in her function of mother; but let her be mother in the grand sense of the word, and the oftener the better. A numerous offspring from a mother like her and a father like you is not only the benediction of the family, but is a great example; and example is better than a lesson,

doubtless because it is more difficult to give. Every man whose actual life is not governed in accord with the principles that he professes in public, or the counsels that he gives to others, is a hypocrite or a maniac, on whom society should turn its back. If Jesus had contented himself with formulating his admirable code of morals without practicing it himself, he would never have founded his religion; his doctrine would have died with him. He was divine by the harmony of his life with his precepts.

“Be, then, as irreproachable yourself as you require your partner to be, in order to cause her no disquiet and to furnish her with no excuse. Initiate her loyally in your destiny, human and divine, in order that, if you should die before your children be capable of directing themselves, she may not need another man to direct them, but may constitute herself father and mother, the loftiest grade to which woman, brought out and developed in her full value, can arrive.

“Make her comprehend life, which is very simple; explain to her death, which is very easy when we have made life what it ought to be; and let her fully appreciate the truth that both the one and the other are but the means to eternity, in which you are both comprised, and where nothing will separate you more, since you will have been the man-woman together and in one sole and single love. Never forget that in taking her as a help you engage yourself to be to her spouse, friend, brother, and priest. No other man but you should ever be allowed to penetrate into her soul, whatever may be the particular character with

which he is clothed. It is not our credulity which gives the priest his power, spite of Voltaire's opinion ; it is our ignorance which makes him indispensable. Once in a state of conscience, you have no longer need of an intermediary between your God and his, who is the same in you and by you. In fine, if you are among *the men that know*, prove it by joining and closing the three sides of the triangle : God, Man, Woman.

“ And now, if, in spite of your precautions, your instructions, your knowledge of men and things, your virtue, your patience, and your goodness, you have been duped by appearances or deceits ; if you have associated your life with a creature unworthy of you ; if, after having vainly endeavored to make her the wife she ought to be, you have not succeeded in saving her by maternity, that terrestrial redemption of her sex ; if, turning a deaf ear to you as spouse, as father, as friend, and as master, she not only abandons your children, but gives herself to the first comer to call other creatures into life who shall continue her accursed race on earth ; if nothing can prevent her from prostituting your name with her body ; if she cabins and confines you in your destined movement as man ; if she arrests you in your progress towards God ; if the law, which has assumed the right to bind, has interdicted itself and pronounced itself impotent to release, then declare yourself in person, in the name of your Master, judge and executioner of this creature. She is not your wife, she is not even a woman ; she was not in her conception divine, she is purely animal ; she is the babooness of the land of Nod, she is the female of Cain : slay her ! ”

Such, sir, is the language I would address to my son, if I had one; but I have none. My advice, therefore, like that of many others, will fall to the ground; for it is only to children that we ourselves have given life to and reared that we have the right to inculcate ideas so positive, and perhaps so unreasonable, as mine.

At all events, these ideas, such as they are, long established in my own mind, the reading of your charming letter, suddenly calling forth their expression, has confirmed, and I have not been able to resist the desire of communicating them to you.

Accept them, then, sir, not as son, but as brother in letters, with the assurance of my best wishes.

AL. DUMAS FILS.

SEIGNELAS, June, 1872.

(Under the Chestnut Tree.)

THE END.





## APPENDIX.

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“*Tue-la*” (“*Slay her*”).

No man can be allowed, under any circumstances, to take the law thus into his own hands, and execute vengeance, or what he may perhaps call justice, on a faithless wife. If he could, the door would be opened to wife-murder on every slight suspicion, and no woman would be safe from the rage of a jealous and vindictive husband. Every duped *Othello* would sacrifice his *Desdemona* on what might seem to him

“confirmation strong  
As proofs of holy writ;”

and plead in his excuse that

“she was false as water,”  
and that  
“naught did he in hate, but all in honor.”

The Roman law allowed the injured husband to kill the adulterer *taken in the act*; and the common law of England, with which that of the United States agrees, justifies the husband so avenging himself *on the instant*, on the ground of the terrible provocation affronting his eyes and inflaming his blood to madness. But, to meet the justificatory requirements of the law, there must be no pause for thought, no delay, no moment's premeditation on the part of the husband: his vengeance must be instantaneous, or his act will be murder. It is true we

have many flagrant cases in this country in which a husband, deliberately killing the paramour of his wife, with premeditation and malice aforethought, has escaped the penalty of his crime by the verdict of a jury, which has seemed to justify the act ; but these cases were in the teeth of the law, not in accordance with it. Premeditation in all such cases stamps the act with the guilt of murder, and should draw with it the penalty of the crime: so only can the supremacy of the law be maintained, and life be safe from groundless suspicion or even pretended jealousy and simulated rage. Dumas' dictum, "Tue-la" (slay her), can in no circumstances be justified or maintained: no man has the right, morally or legally, to take the life of his faithless wife.

The limits of the action of the rule or dictum enunciated by the author in the text, even if we accept it, are, however, narrowed to an infinitely small extent, by the *conditions precedent* on which the dictum is based, and which are to authorize its execution.

Dumas does not say, or intend to imply, that every husband has a right to kill his adulterous wife. If he did, that would carry with it by implication, according to his view of the relations between man and woman as husband and wife, the right of every injured wife to slay her faithless husband ; which he assuredly does not maintain.

The old Judaical law doomed the detected adulteress to death by stoning ; and when the woman so taken was brought by the scribes and Pharisees before Christ, that He might pronounce sentence upon her, the Divine Moralist did not say that she had not merited death according to the law ; He did not even hint that the law was an unjust one ; but He said, "*Let him who is without sin first cast a stone.*" He required that the executors of this summary law should themselves have clean

hands ; He would not allow the adulterer to do execution on the adulteress. And the guilty woman went free.

Now Dumas, in the advice which he gives to his supposed son as to his conduct to his wife, in all his relations to her, insists especially, among other things, on the husband's chastity and fidelity to the marriage vow ; besides other niceties and delicacies of conduct, which few husbands dream of practicing or aiming at. He is to be, in his treatment of her, wise, firm, tender, true ; he is to respect her in her and in himself ; he is to be friend, lover, husband, father, to her. And "if," he adds, "in spite of all this fidelity, this tenderness, this respect, this devotion, on your part, the woman be so vile, so debased, so profligate, as to dishonor you, *and* the law declare itself incompetent to release you from the tie (as in France—a *vinculo*) that binds you to an adulteress, then, if you can put your hand on your heart, and say that you have never wronged her, that you have fulfilled every duty of love, affection, and fidelity to her,—then, take the law into your own hands, and cut the tie with your sword or your knife, from which the law (as in France) declares itself incapable of releasing you."

But this dictum of the author, thus qualified and thus guarded, so far from being an authorization of wife-murder, I regard as a sly satire on his countrymen in their character of outraged husbands. "Yes," says he, to *that army of white-robed martyrs*, "you who are yourselves so tender, so faithful, so true, so utterly unstained by intrigues, so clear of all infidelities to your spouses, who never breathed a guilty whisper in the ear of your friend's wife, who have no mistresses, no *petites maisons*, who are not *liés* with any of the queens (or *queans*) of the ballet, or the princesses of the *demi-monde*, you whose lives are patterns of conjugal propriety and

marital good faith,—yes, *you*, and you only, are justified in taking summary vengeance on the wives who shall dishonor and deceive such innocent, such chaste, such confiding, such virtuous husbands !” The dictum, so read, is a very innocent one ; simply a covert satire on French manners and French morals.

Here, with us, as in England, the Divorce Court is open to the injured husband ; and the tie that binds him to a faithless wife is very easily severed, not as in France by a mere decree of *separation*, but by a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. So Dumas’ dictum falls to the ground,—a *brutum fulmen*, or an innocuous satire.—ED. •

## ERRATA.

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Page 69, 3d line, for "vow" read "desire."

Page 76, 6th line, for "recommendation" read "recommendations."

Page 85, 6th line, for "generates" read "fecundates."

Page 106, 5th line, for "your God and his" read "your God and hers."

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7







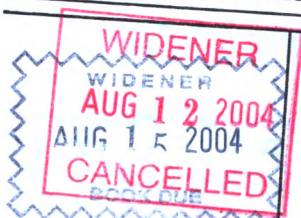


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